

Uttoxeter Girls' High School Chronicle.

No. 32.

"Non uni sed omnibus."

DEC. 1958

President : Miss Ross.

Committee : Miss LEA, Miss RICE, BRENDA BAILEY.

EDITORIAL

THE LAST SCHOOL YEAR started in a spectacular way when for a period of time the absence lists daily grew longer and the school became a shadow of its former self. Asian 'flu raged through our ranks ! However, the school recovered from this epidemic quite rapidly and life reverted to normal.

We have had an impressive number of expeditions and talks during the year. Some were of an almost traditional nature, such as visits to the Sewerage Works, to Dovedale, to Letocetum, and to the Elite to see French Films. Among new experiences there was a visit to Ingestre Hall by some seniors, who heard a musical performance by the Amadeus Quartet. A talk with illustrations on the care of the skin aroused great interest. For the first time also, a group of girls went to St. George's Hospital, Stafford, to see an exhibition illustrating Mental Health. Most forms had some experiences outside the usual school routine, and it is important that we regard them as a valuable part of our education and not merely as pleasant diversions.

After saying good-bye to Mrs. Robson we found ourselves without a Games mistress in the Summer Term. The Staff and School co-operated extremely well so that the usual tennis matches and tournaments could be played. It was encouraging to see how many girls showed a sense of responsibility in making their contribution to the smooth running of the Games department in this difficult period.

Mrs. Trapnell, the wife of the Headmaster of Denstone College, spoke at the Junior School Prize Giving in November. Her remarks were intended to encourage those who had not won prizes. She said that the reward of hard work was not necessarily a prize, but the satisfaction of knowing that one's work had been done to the best of one's ability.

Professor Barrington, of the Department of Biology at Nottingham University, distributed the prizes at our Upper School Prize Giving. He was both amusing and thought provoking. He spoke of the highly competitive nature of life outside school. Commenting on the necessity for prizes, he said that, although all men were born equal, some had the unfortunate habit of being more equal than others ! Using illustrations from evolution in the animal world, he pointed out that it was those who had ability and were prepared to use it who were responsible for the progress of mankind. There could be no progress if everyone was uniform in ability and temperament. Bearing in mind our School Motto, "Non uni sed omnibus," we think that Professor Barrington's remarks impressed upon us that we should use our ability to the fullest extent, not to cover ourselves in glory, but so that we may assist the future progress of mankind towards the highest possible level of development. When we are tempted to forget our responsibility towards the community, we should do well to remember that one day our generation will furnish the leaders of the world, and that they will depend on the rest of us for intelligent support. The value of such support will depend on our attitude to life now !

BRENDA BAILEY.

MISS BECK

It is with gratitude and affection that all who have been in any way connected with the High School remember Miss Beck.

Mrs. M. Drinkwater, who was Head Mistress from 1931 to 1939, and the Rev. W. F. Need, write :-

Miss Beck belonged to the School, and was a living part of it, and few people who were there, staff or girls, during the long years Miss Beck served it, think of the School without thinking of her. She was always there ; and no one of us will know how much we owe her for what she was and what she did.

It takes a woman of great stature to step down, as Miss Beck did, when in 1919 the High School was taken over by the Staffordshire Education Committee, from being Head Mistress to being Second Mistress, to set herself to understand and to co-operate with four successive head mistresses, and to give each one of them a sustained and valued friendship which persisted to her death.

She knew and remembered the old girls, and was keenly interested in their lives. Those who came to see her, or wrote to her, and there were a great many, knew that Miss Beck loved to see them and to hear from them ; her attention was focussed on each one, as if each was of unique importance to her. This was true, and she had a long intercession list.

The boarders at Red Gables knew her better than the day girls ; her training of them has been a living influence in their lives. Boarders and staff were as one large family to her, a family whose members all mattered supremely, whose birthdays were celebrated as they came round, a family in which treats and picnics and red letter days varied the daily routine. And the boarders would be among the first to say that the root of all Miss Beck was, was her strong living faith in God. She taught them what membership of the Church was, and she taught them to pray ; but they caught the meaning of this teaching from living with her, and seeing what it meant to her. It was a faith and love of God that showed itself in her love and affection for those she lived with, and called out a deep affection from them, an affection evidenced in the many letters that came to her friends after she died, and by the devotion with which she was nursed during the last months by those who had served her at Red Gables. Someone wrote of her : "She was such a loving person."

She loved to teach Scripture ; her teaching was careful and sound, and the fruit of conscientious study ; the subject was always of first importance because it was of vital importance to her.

Many of us remember her interest and enthusiasm over the Christmas Nativity Plays ; and I can still see her watching a play from the back of the hall ; not a spectator, but deeply participating in the drama and its meaning.

Miss Beck was completely human, and had her likes and dislikes and prejudices ; some people she did not like, and some she misunderstood. But she was never set, and always young in heart. She loved animals, and the dearly-loved succession of spaniels at Red Gables knew this. She loved nice clothes, and nice china, her visits to London, and to the theatre, and she could fully enter into other people's interests in these things.

Those of us who knew her will be always grateful, and we do not feel we are out of reach of her prayers.

May she rest in peace.

M.W.D.

*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."*

These lines of Tennyson well sum up the place of Astrid Beck in the life of Uttoxeter. It seems a far cry from the Old Manor House School, kept by the Misses Hawthorn, with its 50 to 100 pupils, to the present High School with all its modern buildings and its 340 pupils. Yet Miss Beck has been a key-stone in the building of so good a school and also the building of many good characters that have come from the school.

Miss Beck was a Dane by birth, and became a naturalised Englishwoman when her father came to this country to study and practise in the pottery industry. She was, no doubt, brought up in a Lutheran setting, and, in spite of great changes in her religious outlook something of her early training and religious atmosphere remained a part of her character. Stern at times she may have seemed, but then the Lutherans were stern, but it will always be remembered by those who knew her well that she never asked anything of her pupils that she did not practise herself. Personal testimony by those who benefited by her teaching alone can speak for the knowledge she had of her Bible, and religion, and the excellent way she was able to impart that knowledge.

It is a marvellous record that she has been instrumental in teaching nearly three generations of the children of the town, and, looking back, many of these children, now grown up, will see the good of her discipline and firmness, and thank God that they had such a good Christian to start them in life, and one who was so exceptionally generous.

It is a source of great comfort and joy that she had a perfectly peaceful end, being conscious and able to recognise those around her to the very last.

We commit her with confidence into the hands of a faithful and loving Creator, and thank God for a life that was good, self-sacrificing, and filled with a desire to benefit those under her care.

It is genuinely easy to believe God saying of her, "Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."
(By permission of Uttoxeter Advertiser)

W. F. NEED.

To commemorate Miss Beck's unique contribution to the educational life of Uttoxeter and neighbourhood over a period of more than sixty years, the Old Girls' Society has opened

a fund to raise money to provide an annual prize for Scripture.

Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Ross at the High School, to Miss Elsie Harris (Secretary), 43 Froghall Road, Cheadle, or to Mrs. Margaret Statham, The Elms, Bramshall.

STAFF NEWS

Mrs. Robson left at Easter, so that we were without a Physical Education Mistress for the Summer term.

We extend a welcome to the following new members of Staff :- to Miss Poole, who has taken Mrs. Robson's place as Mistress for Physical Education ; to Mrs. Hills, who takes Latin, English and History ; to Mlle. Briquet, who takes French Conversation classes ; to Mrs. Ingham, the matron at Red Gables.

News of Former Staff.

Mrs. Frayne is teaching full time at Stourbridge High School.

Miss Charles is at present living in a flat in Brighton.

Mrs. Whitehead is now living at Bexhill. Her son is at Abbotsholme School.

SCHOOL EVENTS

1957 - 58.

AUTUMN TERM.

Dr. Johnson Memorial Celebration.

Form 6 visited Abbotsholme School to see a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Form 6 saw a performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at Stafford.

Budgen House Whist Drive.

Form 4 saw a performance of "As You Like It" at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford.

Forms 4, 5 and 6 heard a Recital by the Sylvan Trio.

Senior Prize Giving — prizes distributed by Prof. Barrington of Nottingham University.

Junior Prize Giving — prizes distributed by Mrs. Trapnell, of Denstone College.

Talk on Nigeria, by Mrs. Angus, to Forms 5 and 6.

Carol Service in the Parish Church.

4th Form play, "The Poetasters of Ispahan."

1st and 2nd Form Party.

3rd and 4th Form Party.

High School and Alleyne's Grammar School Prefects' Party.

Form 5 saw a performance of "Macbeth" at Denstone College.

Talk to Forms 5 and 6 on the care of the skin by Mrs. MacLean.

SPRING TERM.

Talk on Careers to Forms 4A and B by Miss Jenks.

French Film for Forms 4, 5 and 6.

Patricia Williams and Marian Worsdale visited the Old Vic Theatre to see a performance of "King Lear."

Some of the girls heard the Amadeus String Quartet at Ingestre Hall.

Forms 1, 2 and 3 saw the Centenary Film of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

Talk by Miss Hadingham from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

House Netball Matches.

Gym Competition.

Verse Speaking Competition.

House Hockey Matches.

A party of girls visited Wembley for the England v. Scotland Hockey Match.

Miss Hutchinson and Miss Astle took a party of girls from Forms 4 and 5 to France during the Easter holidays.

SUMMER TERM.

Form 6 visited St. George's Hospital, Stafford.

Performance in the High School Hall of the Grammar School Pageant to celebrate its Quater-Centenary.

Forms 3 and 4 heard an address in the Parish Church by the Archbishop of Quebec.

Forms 4A and B visited the Spode Works at Stoke-on-Trent. Celebration of School Birthday. Address given by the Rev. W. F. Need.

Forms 1A and B and some of Form 6 visited Wall and Lichfield. Forms 3 and Lower 6 visited Haddon Hall and Ashbourne Church.

Some of 5A and B visited the Wilts. United Dairy.

Girls of Form 4 visited Wetton and Dovedale.

Staff versus Sixth Form Tennis Match and Tea.

Forms 5A and B visited Blithfield Hall.

Some of the Upper and Lower 6 visited Keele Hall for a History Lecture.

House Tennis and Rounders Matches.

Exhibition and Talk by the Principal of the Stafford School of Art.

Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. Cooper took a party of girls on a Biology Field Course at Whitby.

PREFECTS

1958 - 59.

HEAD GIRL : Gillian Taberner.

DEPUTY HEAD GIRL : Brenda Bailey.

SENIOR PREFECTS :

Kay Finnikin, Mary Hall, Margaret Harper, Yvonne Lawrence, Mary Ryder, Margaret Sandham, Margaret West, Rosemary Wilkins, Patricia Broadhurst, Pamela Oakey, Linda Wallis, Gwen Whitwham.

SUB-PREFECTS :

Angela Cattermole, Jennifer Cuff, Valerie Eaton, Jennifer Heath, Kathleen Hill, Ann Pointon, Jennifer Tipper, Jill Walkerdine, Olga Ward, Mary Woodward.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION 1958

ADVANCED :

Brenda Bailey (English, History, Scripture).

Grace Ball (English, History, French).

June Boden (English, Geography).

Jennifer Craxford (English, French).

Rosemary Forrester (English, History, Geography).

Mary Hargreaves (English, History).

Phyllis Healy (English, History, Geography).

Wendy Hull (French, Geography).

Thelma Nixon (English).

Anne Short (Geography, Biology).

Daphne Watkiss (English, Art, Biology).

Patricia Williams (French).

Marian Worsdale (English).

ORDINARY :

5A. : Cynthia Beech, Jennifer Beresford, Patricia Broadhurst, Barbara Burton, Angela Cattermole, Margaret Coates, Noreen Cooper, Jennifer Corbishley, Jennifer Cuff, Kathleen Hill, Jane Machin, Caroline Marston, Barbara Mason, Janice Miller, Pamela Oakey, Margaret Pinnegar, Ann Pointon, Jennifer Salmon, Patricia Samuel, Christine Spencer, Margaret Stringer, Jennifer Tipper, Jill Walkerdine, Linda Wallis, Olga Ward, Gwen Whitwham, Mary Woodward.

5B. : Pamela Dix, Valerie Eaton, Doris Ellis, Gail Fogerty, Jean Ford, Alice Grundy, Georgina Harrison, Barbara Harvey, Alice Kirkman, Rosemary Lawrence, Jessie Sampson, Shirley Simpson, Margaret Smith, Edna Udall, Rheta Ward.

COLLECTIONS

	£	s.	d.
Poppy Day Collection, 1957	5	6	10
Carol Service, 1957	6	6	0
(£1 to the Parish Church ; £5 5s. to the Lichfield Cathedral Restoration Fund)			
School Birthday Collection	5	6	0
(to the Cancer Research Fund)			

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Jennifer Holdcroft—Books, "Costume through the Ages," in four volumes.

Alys Green—Philip Harben's "Cookery Encyclopaedia."

Mrs. Robson—Cup to be awarded to the winning House in the Gym Competition.

GAMES REPORT

1957 - 58.

Hockey.

Oct. 12	Burton High School	...	1st XI.	Cancelled
			2nd XI.	Lost 3 - 4
			J. XI.	Drew 0 - 0
Oct. 26	Alleyne's Grammar Sch.,		1st XI.	Won 13 - 1
	Stone		J. XI.	Won 2 - 1

Nov.	2	Stafford High School ...	1st XI.	Won	3 - 2
			2nd XI.	Won	4 - 0
Nov.	9	Homelands School, Derby	1st XI.	Won	7 - 1
			2nd XI.	Won	5 - 0
			J. XI.	Won	4 - 2
Nov.	16	Ashbourne Grammar Sch.	1st XI.	Won	3 - 0
			J. XI.	Lost	0 - 1
Nov.	23	Brownhills High School	1st XI.	Won	4 - 3
			2nd XI.	Won	2 - 0
Nov.	30	Burton Technical School	1st XI.	Won	4 - 0
			J. XI.	Won	2 - 1
Mar.	22	Brownhills High School	1st XI.	Drew	1 - 1
			2nd XI.	Lost	0 - 2

Netball.

Nov.	16	Ashbourne Grammar Sch.	1st VII.	Lost	11 - 16
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Tennis.

May	3	Ashbourne Grammar School	1st Tennis	Lost	34 - 47
May	17	Burton Tech. Sch.	1st Tennis	Won	56 - 28

Rounders.

May	3	Ashbourne Grammar School	U. 15 Rounders	Won	6 - 3½
			U. 14 Rounders	Lost	6½ - 1
May	17	Burton Tech. Sch.	U. 15 Rounders	Won	7½ - 4
			U. 14 Rounders	Won	1½ - 0

Colours

HOCKEY.—June Boden, Thelma Nixon, Cynthia Beech.

Championships

TENNIS SINGLES : Grace Ball.

TENNIS DOUBLES : Jennifer Cuff, Jennifer Tipper.

Deportment**New Badges.**

JUNIOR : Jennifer Capewell, Carole Anderson, Annis Mycock, Jennifer Tonks.

MIDDLE : Brenda Pyatt.

HOUSE REPORTS

Balfour.

Although our House positions do not appear to be too good, the enthusiasm and co-operation of all members has been extremely encouraging during the past year. An exception to this was the Verse Speaking Competition, in which much more effort is needed.

This year we have been comparatively lacking in senior members, and this appeared, at first, to promise drastic consequences. But two new players were chosen to be our second tennis couple, and these played extremely well. We wish them the best of luck for next year, when perhaps we may again win the cup.

We thank and congratulate the Juniors, who have been a tremendous asset to the House. They have been extremely keen, and Rosemary Forrester, I know, would like me to thank them for their co-operation in the House Gym Competition, in which they were duly rewarded by being placed first. Thus, we have retained the Cup for the two years since its presentation.

A record sum of £39, of which £30 was sent by Miss Taylor to our House Charity, the National Lifeboat Association, and £9 was retained towards next year's effort, was raised during the Annual House Sale and on two evenings which were spent carol singing at the end of the Christmas Term. The generosity and cheerfulness of everyone made both events most enjoyable.

All I can do further is to wish you all the good luck which you deserve !

JENNIFER CRAXFORD (*House Captain*)

Beck.

During the past year all the girls in the House have worked very hard, both for the children of Biddulph and in the various games competitions. Once again a very large number of toys was sent to Biddulph.

Although the competition results have not been outstanding, all the girls have shown enthusiasm and team spirit, and it was through no lack of effort that the House has not won any cups.

We again visited the hospital at Biddulph, where we spent a very enjoyable day. We were presented with a photograph, taken on Christmas Day, showing some of the patients with their toys, and also the nursing staff.

We were saddened by Miss Beck's illness and subsequent death. We shall miss her very much. Although she had been unable to visit us in recent years, her practical help and lively interest in all our affairs were an inspiration to us all. We were glad to know that our letters and flowers had given her so much pleasure during the last months of her life, and we must try to maintain the great keenness which she expected of us in all our House activities.

Altogether this has been a fairly successful year, and it only remains for me to say "Keep trying!" and perhaps next year some of the cups will have green ribbons on them.

PAT WILLIAMS (*House Captain*)

Budgen.

The £17 1s. od. raised for the Staffordshire Association for the Welfare of the Blind by the Whist Drive and group efforts this year was a slight improvement on last year's total. With a greater effort, however, Budgen House would be able to contribute a considerably larger amount to this very deserving charity.

Again Budgen came a very close second in the Verse Speaking Competition. This position will not be bettered until the House as a whole try their best rather than relying on the efforts of a few chosen to represent them.

Hockey and Gym were also disappointments, for, although those taking part tried very hard, we were place fifth in the House Hockey matches and fourth in the Gym Competition.

The Netball team, however was rewarded for its hard work and enthusiasm when we came first in the competition.

A Wild-Flower Competition was introduced this year, and thanks to the efforts of all members of the House, Budgen won this.

Budgen was not at all successful in the Summer inter-house games, coming fifth in both Rounders and Tennis.

Budgen has worked hard on the whole this year and has improved slightly. With continued effort the House should be able to restore herself to her former glory of not-so-very-long-ago. Keep trying Budgen, and the best of luck!

MARIAN WORSDALE (*House Captain*)

Dunkley.

This year, instead of our annual Sale of Work it was decided in the Autumn Term that each member of Dunkley House should raise the sum of 5s., either by making cakes and sweets to be sold in School or by earning it out of School. In this way we collected £15 for the Hants. Cripples' Training College.

In the field of sport we won the Hockey Cup and retained the Rounders Cup for the fourth year running. These cups were a fitting reward for the way in which the teams worked together with great determination.

We were runners-up in the Verse Speaking, Tennis and Gym Competitions and third in the Netball matches. So, with a little more united effort next year, there is no reason why we should not adorn these cups also with blue ribbons.

We were all sorry to lose Mrs. Robson at the end of the Spring Term, for she had always been a very active House Mistress, ready to help and advise in all House activities. We hope she will be happy at her new school.

All the girls in the House have worked and played hard, and I wish to thank them for their co-operation, especially in games activities. I wish them the best of luck for next year, and hope this year's successes will lead them on to even greater ones.

JUNE BODEN (*House Captain*)

Powell.

As in other years we have had our disappointments and our successes. Happily we have never found ourselves placed last in any event. The teams were unable to live up to the high standard set by last year's teams in Hockey and Rounders. However, there is compensation in the fact that we have won the Verse Speaking and Tennis Competitions.

The members of the House have shown a very pleasing enthusiasm, not only in Sports and Competitions, but also in working for our House Charity. At Christmas Mrs. Critchlow was able to send £34 8s. 2d., realised from Box and Christmas Tree Collections, to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

I think that Powell members have worked for the honour of their House in the right spirit. Our Juniors have proved themselves loyal and good supporters of their House, and this promises well for the future. Next year, I hope, will crown with success all our efforts, but, if it is not next year, it will be some other year.

I wish you all a pleasant and prosperous future in all House activities.

MARY HARGREAVES (*House Captain*)

Position of Houses

	Balfour	Beck	Budgen	Dunkley	Powell
Hockey	4	3	5	1	2
Netball	5	4	1	3	2
Rounders	2	2	5	1	2
Tennis	4	3	5	2	1
Deportment	4	2	3	5	1
Gym Competition	1	5	4	2	3
Verse Speaking ...	4	5	2	2	1

NATIONAL SAVINGS

The total sum of money brought for National Savings last year amounted to £269 8s. 6d., which shows a considerable decrease on last year's total of over £1,000. This target could be reached again if more girls in each form saved regularly.

A. S. BELCHER.

THE GUIDE REPORT — 1958

In the first Uttoxeter Guide Company this year there are twenty enrolled Guides and fourteen recruits. There are sixteen Guides with second class badges and four working for them. The badges gained during this last year are as follows :- six have won the Athlete's badge, four the Gymnast's, four the Map Reader's, two the Housewoman's, two the Thrift, two the Cook's, one the Toymaker, one the Music Lover, and one the Writer's.

A Patrol Challenge Shield was given to the Company by Pat Williams and Mary Ryder. This trophy was awarded to the Nightingale Patrol for the best average inspection points and the highest number of points in an expedition competition. The patrol gaining the most efficiency points in camp was Bluetit. The individual trophy, which is awarded termly for a consistently high standard at inspection, was won by Ann James in the Autumn and Spring terms, and is now held by Elaine Halldron.

Thinking Day this year was celebrated on 22nd February at Draycott-in-the-Moors, where we had a Division Camp-Fire. A District Camp-Fire was held at the last Local Association Meeting, where we gave a display of camp gadgets. Some Guides attended Scout Camp-Fires at Hollington and at Abbotsholme School.

There have been two Church Parades, one on Remembrance Day and the other on Civic Sunday. The Company has been on three expeditions : fire-lighting in Crakemarsh Woods, cooking and stalking in Creighton Woods, and hiking over the Weaver Hills.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Pat Williams, who, while our Acting Lieutenant, gained her First Class and her Lieutenant's Warrant. We are very pleased to welcome Olga Ward as Pat's successor.

Sixteen Guides attended a Company Camp near Bakewell this summer. The first week was a Leaders' and Seconds' Training, during which they became experienced wet weather campers. The rest of the campers brought fine weather with them for the expeditions of the second week and for Visitors' Day. It was very kind of the parents and Miss Ross, the Bakewell and Uttoxeter District Commissioners, and the Derbyshire Assistant County Camp Adviser, to find the time to visit our camp.

We found hiring camping equipment both inconvenient and expensive and hope to build up our own equipment. Haddon Estate not only allowed us to camp on one of the farms near to preserved woodland, but the forester allowed us to cut wood freely. Not wasting this opportunity, the campers managed to cut and trim enough poles for screening. Some of the Company earned enough money last term to buy sixteen strong groundsheets, and we hope, by next summer, to be able to buy our own screening. District cooking equipment is now quite considerable ; Mr. Pountain and Mr. Ryder very generously increased it this summer by two water bins. The District Jumble Sale raised £18, enough money to pay the Headquarter's Subscription and to increase the District Camp Equipment Fund.

The campers would like to thank Messrs. and Mrs. Cooper for their cheerful kindness ; Mr. Holland, who lent us a forty gallon water tank ; Mr. Best, who so successfully used his skill and ingenuity on our behalf, and the Mothers who sent cake (an item the camp could not afford to buy).

The Company would like to thank Mr. Eade for his unfailing hospitality in Creighton Woods and for the supply of gadget wood ; Miss Evans for the hospitality of Red Gables, which renders the moments preceding our Church Parades less chilly ; and the Badge Testers for their time and patience.

THE COMPANY COURT OF HONOUR.

THE PIONEER PARTY AT CAMP

We arrived in camp at about twelve-thirty on the twentieth of August, and as soon as we arrived we ate our picnic lunch. After lunch we sorted out the bags which contained the hired tents and canvas. The company sent them on a few days early to be ready when we arrived, with the result that everything was very wet as it had been raining steadily. We put up the Camp Store tent and then chose the site for the Patrol tents and the marquee. We put up two patrol tents and then had tea. Splitting up, half of us pitched the lats and wash tents while the other four pitched the last two tents and installed our kit.

Next morning we got up late, about seven-thirty, to find mist covering the field. After breakfast the marquee went up and we also went to find some gadget wood. We had permission to take as much as we wanted.

That day we investigated our surroundings. The two woods one side were preserved for pheasants. The steeple in the distance was that of Bakewell Church, about two miles away.

As we had four patrols, we had four patrol duties, changing after rest hour each day. The four duties were as follows : Cook Patrol—cooking food for the camp ; San. Patrol—making the washing water fire, airing the wash tents and cleaning the bowls ; Wood and Water—collecting wood, cutting and stacking it ; General Patrol, helped with the wooding and provided the colour parties. It rained often and heartily ; our gaberdines became soaked and our plastic macs. torn.

On Sunday, after doing our tents and patrol duties, we changed out of camp uniform into full uniform and went to church. The church was big, and the Vicar quite old, but a good preacher ; he was the Assistant Bishop of Derby. In the afternoon we went for a short exploratory hike.

We finished most of the gadgets on Monday, and on Tuesday the Patrol Leaders went to meet the main party.

BERYL WYNNE, 3A.

CAMP

On the twenty-sixth of August the main camp of the School Guide Company began. Mrs. Yates, the District Commissioner, escorted the Guides who were lucky enough to be going to the camp site, which was on the Haddon Estate, near Bakewell. The actual camp was two miles up a dusty lane in a small valley through which runs a stream. We

found that for the next week patrols of four of us were to live in large white bell tents which the advanced party had pitched. For the remainder of that day and the next we did patrol duties and made gadgets ; as our patrol was "Wood and Water," we went up the valley to the beautiful woods, which lay on both sides of the camp, to collect firewood.

During the course of the week we went on five hikes. I think the three most interesting ones were, first when we visited Chatsworth House and saw the many interesting things there, among them being a violin, which was painted on the back of a door in a very realistic manner ; secondly, when we hiked across the beautiful heather-covered moors surrounding Stanton-in-Peak and saw the King Stone and Nine Ladies ; and lastly, when one night we got up at half-past twelve and went for a midnight hike in the hills surrounding the camp. This, I thought, was a very thrilling experience.

On Monday Captain hired a coach to take us to Castleton. On the way we stopped to have a look round a glider station. When at last we reached Castleton, we all went to the Blue John Mines, where a Guide showed us the many vast caverns of the cave, and then he took us down a pothole hundreds of feet deep. I found the descent rather nerve-racking because the ground was very slippery and we had only one candle between two of us. When we finished our tour round the cave, the four Patrol Leaders chose a present for each of our Guiders. After that we went to the Speedwell Cavern. This, I think, was much more exciting because we travelled in a small boat along an underground passage which had filled up with water, to the bottomless pit, so called because once miners tipped thousands of tons of rock they did not want into the lake and, as far as they could see, the depth of the lake remained the same.

When we returned to the camp, we finished various jobs and then in the evening we had a camp-fire, to which Captain invited a Guide from the 1st Bakewell Company. And as we sat talking over our cocoa, I found that she was a Patrol Leader and knew the girl who was my best friend at my junior school. All too soon the time came to go home, but I am sure all the Guides who were at the Camp are very grateful to the four Guiders who organised it.

KAY HALLAM, 2A.

UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' GUILD

President : Miss E. M. ROSS.

Chairman :

Mr. H. J. RYDER.

Vice-Chairman :

Mr. J. S. PHILLIPS.

Hon. Sec. / Treasurer : Mr. W. JONES.

Committee :

Miss E. M. Lea and Mrs. Cooper (*Staff Representatives*), Mrs. G. Stevenson, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. E. Whittaker, Mrs. T. Boden, Mr. J. J. Chapman, Mr. H. W. Pitt, Mr. F. Williams, Mr. K. H. Gamble, Mr. A. P. Mackie.

Mrs. J. Finnikin and Mr. T. L. Coxon were recently appointed in place of Mrs. T. Boden and Mr. K. H. Gamble for 1958-59.

Last year's Guild membership was 206, the highest figure yet attained in the thirteen years since the parents first met on December 13th, 1945. Mothers frequent the meetings and functions of the Guild more than the fathers.

Since the Twelfth Annual General Meeting on November 6th, 1957, there have been two Committee Meetings, an address by Mr. C. H. Underhill on the History of Needwood Forest, a 3rd and 4th Form Parents' Meeting undertaken by Miss E. M. Ross to ascertain careers and examination subjects for the girls, and lastly, a visit on June 18th, 1958, to The Playhouse, Derby, to see "Home at Seven" by R. C. Sherriff.

Owing to the very inclement weather of last winter, the influenza epidemic and the indisposition of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Underhill's visit to Uttoxeter was delayed from January 22nd until March 19th, 1958. His most interesting address on Needwood Forest was well received by an appreciative audience which included many Sixth-Form girls.

Miss Warn, who had terminated her employment as Personnel Officer at Wedgwood Ltd., Barlaston, was unable to address the Guild on "Careers for Girls."

A group of thirty-two members enjoyed a most pleasant evening visit to the theatre at Derby, and it seems, from opinions expressed, that theatre going will become a regular feature of future Guild programmes.

The Committee Meetings were always well attended by your representatives, and the members are to be commended on their generous efforts to formulate a programme on your behalf.

For the Annual General Meeting held in the School Hall on October 15th, 1958, the Treasurer presented a financial

statement to the Guild members. After consideration and adoption of the statement the present Bank Balance is £42 17s. 3d. Thanks to the continued help and support of Miss Ross, the School Staff, Mrs. Corby, the School Secretary, and the girls of the High School, this amount of money has been considerably augmented to a most healthy state for the ultimate benefit of the School. At present the money to hand has reached £58 5s. 3d. and permission has been given by the Guild members (208) to purchase a tape recording machine for school use.

WILLIAM JONES,
Hon. Sec. / Treasurer.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE

My impressions of France are many and varied. To most of us one of the biggest thrills about a foreign country is that it is foreign, that everything is new, strange, and sometimes extraordinary. As we steamed into the harbour of Dieppe, the fact that the ship we were on was French, that the quay was French, and the huge waiting cranes were French, all this thrilled us, as did our first overheard snatches of French conversation.

The most important factor in my visit was, in fact, the French people, for what is France without the French? They were people who resembled us in outward appearance, but whose temperament and language were entirely different. All through our visit we met these kindly, courteous people, such as the bright-eyed bird-like maid at the hotel ; the jovial coach-driver Georges ; and the fruit-vendor in a Paris street who amused us all immensely by shaking hands with us all when he found out we were from England. Then there were the waitresses in the restaurant, and the guides in the Chateaux, who all made our visit interesting.

We were all intrigued by their way of life, perhaps not so up-to-date in the country districts where were still to be seen the great, broad-hooved horses pulling ploughs in the fields. The tall houses of Paris, with their balconies and wooden slatted shutters, were, despite occasional dilapidation seen in peeling paint and cracking plaster, very pleasant. Not so pleasant, perhaps, was the lack of elevators in hotels ; this was brought home to us after climbing five flights of stairs to bed ! But despite the few drawbacks in continental plumbing, and those stairs, French people seemed to have good houses.

Their food was good, too. Perhaps the daily rolls were a little monotonous, but our meals were certainly varied and unusual. We tried snails, which, to our surprise, were quite nice.

The French cities, especially Paris, are big, busy, and exciting. The large department stores, not unlike ours, and the smaller shops, were attractive, and so were the numerous pavement cafes. Paris is very beautiful, both by day and by night, when we walked by the lovely Seine and watched it journey to the sea. There are also many parks and gardens, which are a refreshing sight in the city.

But in the bustle of teeming modernity, France's glorious past was not forgotten. We saw many beautiful Châteaux, reminders of a rich and opulent age, built for the pleasures of noble lords and their ladies. The most beautiful Château, I thought, was Chenonceaux, which completely traversed the smooth, serene Loire, and stood proudly, its white turrets blazoned on a background of cool green forest and blue sky. Many Châteaux used to be ancient fortresses; as we stood gazing over stout battlements, and in the peace of modern France, we were able to picture the battles of long ago.

Some ancient buildings showed grim tokens of the time when the golden age of plenty was ended by the guillotine. In the Conciergerie I could well picture, as the guide described it, the last walks of the condemned, down the stone passages of the forbidding building. Having seen the locks, keys, chains, and the old guillotine blade, it was good to come out of the gloom into the Paris air. We went to Notre Dame, which was the most lovely Church I have seen, with its intricate carving, its grotesque gargoyles, and its Rose Window. We saw, however, the most beautiful stained glass in the Sainte-Chapelle. At the moment when I saw that delicate tracery interwoven with leaded design in the most glowing warm colours, I stood still. In the Louvre, art of the centuries before Christ was to be seen side by side with the glories of the Renaissance. After seeing the Venus de Milo, I saw the Victory of Samothrace, which struck me most forcibly. I did not like the Pantheon; I thought it morbid and gloomy, but still interesting. Versailles, the magnificent home of the Sun King, impressed us with its luxury and large, wooded gardens.

France, to me, after a week's hurried glimpse, seems a lovely country, with wonderful people. In fact, I would not mind living in this "fair land of France," which, after all, for an English person, is a great concession.

ANN CHAPMAN, 5A.

THE BIOLOGY FIELD COURSE 1958

On Wednesday, July 23rd, a small group of girls, accompanied by Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. Cooper, made a comfortable journey to Whitby, on the Yorkshire Coast. The aim of our week's excursion was to make a study of the sea-shore around Whitby and of a moorland area further inland. We were to note the vegetation, rock formation, and any animals we could find.

Our centre for the first half of the week was to be the Youth Hostel at Whitby, where we arrived late in the afternoon. We settled in, made our beds, and wrote postcards home before supper, going to bed early in expectation of the strenuous days to come.

Thursday and Friday were spent mainly on the beach, studying rock pools and collecting specimens of the vegetation, animals, and even fossils. We were shown round Whitby Lighthouse on Thursday morning and told about its mechanism and its uses. All were eager to visit the foghorn nearby, but unfortunately this was not possible. On Friday morning some of our party went for a short trip in a boat, from which we saw a Fisheries Protection Vessel just leaving the harbour.

Saturday was the day on which we were to move on to the Youth Hostel at Westerdale. After re-packing our rucksacks, with great difficulty in some cases, we spent the morning at Whitby Museum and Art Gallery. We reached Westerdale by walking the two miles from Castleton Station.

With Westerdale as our centre, we now began to take longer and more strenuous walks over the moors, collecting specimens of plants which many of us had read of in books but had never seen before. Our evenings were spent making drawings of our specimens and copying up our work.

Our last day, Tuesday, was spent in the small moorland village of Goathland. We ate our dinner sitting by the river, and had a home-made tea in a small cafe.

We travelled home on Wednesday after an interesting and most enjoyable week. We are sure that all the other members of our party join us in thanking Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. Cooper for making this expedition possible.

ROSEMARY WILKINS,
MARGARET HARPER, U. VI

"FOCUS ON MENTAL HEALTH"

The Sixth Form approached St. George's Hospital, Stafford, on Friday, May 2nd, with a certain amount of trepidation.

We were going to an exhibition of Mental Health, the first of its kind in Stafford. It was designed to give the public the opportunity of seeing the activities of a Mental Hospital and to dispel mistaken conceptions resulting from ignorance and superstition.

Inside, we were impressed by the ordinary appearance of the hospital and the friendliness of the staff. The exhibition was set out in the hall. On the left were stands explaining the nature of mental disease. At the top of the hall some drab, dirty clothes in dark colours were hung. A doctor told us that this was the type of clothing issued to patients thirty years ago. We looked dubiously at the thick, heavily darned, woollen stockings, glad that they are no longer worn. The strait-jackets, manacles, bone knives and forks and chipped enamel plates formed a great contrast to the pleasant equipment and clothes used to-day. We saw a cell of thirty years ago with its dark stone walls, iron-barred windows, uncomfortable bed and forbidding-looking jailer armed with a truncheon. The bright, clean wards of to-day, with no evidence of the terrible conditions of the past, are very impressive. One felt that thirty years ago the chances of getting better in such conditions were very remote !

On the medical side we saw how electric shock treatment helped people to face reality again. It was stressed at this point that the patients feel no pain in undergoing this treatment. Insulin drugs help to relieve tension and abreaction drugs help patients to speak freely of their fears, so relieving anxiety. In acute cases of depression operations are performed on the brain in the small operating theatre which we saw. This relieves the patient of worry and strain. The surgeons at St. George's Hospital also perform other ordinary operations, such as appendicectomy, on people entering hospital for a mental condition. If patients are incurable, their lives are made as comfortable as possible in the hospital. However, most patients have entered hospital voluntarily and respond well to treatment, so that they are able to return to normal life within a few months.

One stand which attracted much attention was the Arts and Crafts stand, which showed how the personality is expressed through Art. Some of the schizophrenic art was frightening. It was done mainly by young people, who showed a complete lack of concentration, so that their papers were covered with confused objects which bore no relation to one another. Also on this stand were diagrams and models to illustrate mental illness. One diagram showed two very

common kinds of mental disease. Of two people standing in front of a mirror, one saw herself as a beautiful young girl, while she was actually rather plump and plain ; the other, a respectable looking young man, saw himself as old, ugly and repulsive. One model head showed most effectively the pressure of the mind during the worst period of mental illness. The Staff were very helpful and interpreted for us several of the pictures, telling us a little about the patients who had painted them. Our sympathy was greatly stirred when we visualised these people, not much different from ourselves, who had found life too difficult to cope with.

As we were asked to wait until T.V. cameras arrived, we were at the exhibition longer than we otherwise should have been. This, however, gave us time to re-visit the parts of the exhibition which particularly interested us, and enabled us to discuss, ask questions and hear the views of the Staff on mental health. Some of us were more interested in the nursing aspect of mental illness, others in the psychiatric aspect. Part of the exhibition was devoted to the training of nurses. We saw models of a full size patient, used for teaching nurses how to care for a sick patient, a brain, thorax, ear and eye. There was also a skeleton and diagrams and charts used in the training school for nurses. Some literature was handed out which explained many points which we had not had time to absorb.

While waiting we were supplied with numerous cups of tea and biscuits, and we sat on comfortable, brightly coloured foam rubber seats of contemporary design which had been made by the patients.

We urge all those who have an opportunity to visit such an exhibition to do so. It will help them to gain a mature, well-balanced outlook on the nature of mental illness and its treatment.

BRENDA BAILEY,
DAPHNE WATKISS, U. VI.

THE FOURTH FORM VISIT TO DOVEDALE

On Friday, 11th July, Miss White and Miss Prowse took a party of 4th Form girls to Wetton and Dovedale. We set out at 9-30 a.m., armed with sandwiches, lemonade, and question papers, as we had to answer questions on the places we visited.

When we reached Wetton village, we got out of the bus and walked for a mile to Wetton Mill as the road was too narrow

and steep for the bus to go down. On reaching Wetton Mill we saw where the river disappeared under the ground through the swallow holes in the bed of the river. We had a drink here and then walked back up to the bus which would take us on to Ilam Hall. On the journey to Ilam Hall we had to describe the scenery and farms that we passed.

When we reached Ilam Hall, we saw where the river, which had gone underground at Wetton, came out again, four miles away, in the grounds of the Hall. We had our lunch here, and then took the bus again to the Gates leading into Dovedale. We walked the mile into Dovedale, stopping occasionally to make sketches of the river and its valley. When we reached the stepping-stones, one of them were almost submerged as a result of the wet summer we have had. We crossed, however, without any mishaps.

We were now left to do as we liked until it was time to go back to the bus; some stayed at the stepping-stones and paddled, while the more energetic ones climbed Thorpe Cloud. We also finished copying up our notes, took photographs, and gathered large bunches of pretty yellow flowers which formed a yellow carpet on the banks of a small stream running into the Dove.

Then came the time to go back to the bus, and we returned hot, sticky and tired, after a very interesting and pleasant day.

GAIL HEALY, 5A.

A VISIT TO THE SPODE POTTERY FACTORY

Last term a visit to the Spode Pottery Works was enjoyed by both Fourth Forms. It was primarily a visit taken to show us more about how the factory scheme worked, as we were, at the time, studying industries in the troubled past, but I am sure it proved a most enjoyable afternoon to all who went on the trip as well as being most interesting.

On arriving at the Factory I am certain that more than one of our party was very disappointed. It was a dirty, rickety group of buildings set in a dingy part of Stoke-on-Trent, and did not look worthy of its beautiful products. We soon, however, regained some, if not all of our first enthusiasm when we were shown into the Ronald Copeland Art Gallery, where a wonderful collection of Spode China was on show.

After looking round the factory, with a guide to tell us about each stage of production, we were taken for tea to the factory canteen, and then we were allowed to buy some pottery from

the shop on the premises, which proved to be just the opposite to the rest of the factory by being beautifully decorated.

The production of pottery in this factory is just like that in any other factory, that is, no one person completes any one piece of china. We saw china from its raw state of clay and rock substances up to the beautiful, finished china tea or dinner sets, and all through these stages many people handled each piece of china, but no one person handled the same piece more than once.

Since this factory was started in the seventeen hundreds by Josiah Spode, it has been renowned for its wonderful designs and for the fineness of its bone china. Since it was first opened, royalty has visited the Spode Works, and I am sure everyone else would agree with the late Queen Mary that the Spode Pottery Works is well worth a visit.

CAROLE BUXTON, 5A.

HADDON HALL

During the latter part of July Miss Yates and Miss Rice took a party of girls to see Haddon Hall and Ashbourne Church.

First we went to Haddon Hall. On climbing a few steps we found ourselves in the Lower Courtyard, and from here we went to the Chapel, which is dedicated to St. Nicholas. In the porch stands a Norman, or even Saxon, font. The oldest part of the building is the south aisle, and here one can see a Norman pillar and font. In the 19th century some of the pictures were uncovered, but many are still concealed under the white-washed walls.

Next we visited the rooms of the household officials. These rooms have now been made into a museum, which contains coins, rings, fragments of glass, which were found when the Hall was being restored.

The kitchen, which is approached by a passage, was the next room we visited. It is a large, low room which still contains the original chopping block, water troughs, and oak dressers, which have been hollowed out by constant use.

We next visited the Banqueting Hall, one of the oldest parts of Haddon. It has an original oak entrance screen which hides the Passage beneath the Minstrel Gallery. Near the lower entrance from the passage there is a screen with a hand lock on it. If any guest refused to drink his liquor, his wrists were fastened in the lock and the liquor was poured down his sleeve. The fireplace in this room dates back further than the Hall itself.

Next we went into the Dining Room, which is of the Tudor period. The ceiling is covered with its original paint, and in most panels the Talbot dog alternates with the Tudor rose. Near the fireplace is the Vernon and Dymock Coat of Arms and above it is the Vernon motto, "Drede God and Honor the King."

We then ascended the stairs, near the bottom of which there is a wooden dog gate to prevent dogs from ascending the stairs. On the walls of the landing there are three tapestries, the subject of which are "Tasting," "Feeling" and "Hearing."

We then visited the Drawing Room, which dates back structurally to the 14th century. From the oriel window the footbridge where John Manners waited with the horses when he eloped with Dorothy Vernon can be seen. The walls of this room are hung with Verdure tapestries.

The steps leading to the Long Gallery are said to have been cut from the root of an oak tree grown in Haddon Park, and the floor of the room from the tree itself. The panelling in this room, more elaborate than in all the other rooms, shows the arms of the Manners family.

Next we visited the ante-room, which leads on to the terraces and garden. The door of this room is said to be the one through which Dorothy Vernon passed on the night of her elopement.

Before leaving Haddon we looked round the garden belonging to the Hall and ate our sandwiches in a nearby field. Then we got into the bus which took us to Ashbourne, where we looked round the Church and then the town.

KATHLEEN JOHNSON, 4B.

GREEN HOLLY

WHEN the scarlet fuchsias bloom their last,
 And autumn sun gives clouds a golden sheen,
 When bracken, dying, turns a fiery red,
 The holly still stands green.
 When the sun is low in the mid-day sky,
 And leaves are tossed on the wind, cold and keen,
 And flutter up from the road when we pass,
 The holly still stands green.
 When from the North the snow is come,
 And all around is white and clean,
 Gaily decked with berries red
 The holly still stands green.

ROSEMARY HEATH, 2A.

THE SCARECROW

With turnip head and tattered clothes,
 Hair of straw and a carrot nose,
 In a field of corn alone was he,
 The queerest sight you ever did see.
 Through wind and snow, through rain
 and shine,
 He never cared for tide or time,
 He greets each dawn in the same old way
 And watches till the close of day.
 The birds all know him and do not fear,
 The field mice build their nest quite near ;
 They enjoy the joke, for they all know,
 He's just another old Scarecrow !

GILLIAN WHEAT, 2A.

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS

On my holidays this year I went to Bournemouth with mummy, daddy and my younger sister, Susan. One day while we were there we decided that we would go to Southampton and see the Docks. On the way we passed through the New Forest, and the scenery was absolutely magnificent. The trees were of different colours, contrasting with the purple of the heather covering the wide open spaces. Of course, one of the most interesting sights was the herds of New Forest ponies. Sometimes we could count as many as thirty or forty in each herd. After passing through the forest we approached Southampton, and on coming into the town we saw three huge funnels towering over the dock buildings. These we knew could only belong to the Queen Mary.

We then went down to the Docks and tried to get dock passes, but, to our dismay, we found they were only issued to relatives of travellers. Already several hundred people had been turned away. Having come so far we were determined to see more of the Queen Mary than her funnels, so we went along to the Royal Pier and managed to obtain seats on a large motor boat which was going on a trip round the harbour. On the way to the berth of the Queen Mary we passed two flying boats, one of which was preparing to go to Majorca that night at eleven o'clock. It was a similar boat which crashed in the Isle of Wight some months ago after taking off. The flying boats hold twenty-five people. Then, just before us lay the Queen Mary. What a huge ship she was, nearly 340 yards long and 83,000 tons of her ! We were told

that two double-decker buses could drive side by side through her funnels. Her sides seemed to reach out of the water like a cliff. The generators are large enough to supply electricity to a large town. In another berth nearby was the Iverena, another large ocean going liner. The Queen Mary was docked alongside the Ocean Terminal, which is the largest in the world ; inside it there is a railway station, a hotel, customs and shops.

As we went further along we saw a large floating crane which can lift 150 tons. Also along the dock we saw a machine which sucked the grain out of the hold of the ship into the store houses ; the grain can be sucked up at 150 tons an hour.

We were also fortunate in seeing two tugs pulling the one-year-old Oxfordshire out of the docks. It was taking troops to Singapore.

These were some of the things we saw on a very interesting trip round the docks, and we probably saw far more than if we had managed to get a pass, which would have taken us to one part of the docks only.

One final interesting thing we saw just as we left the Royal Pier. This was a slim blue and silver sea-plane which was the actual machine with which the Schneider Trophy was won outright, I think in 1930. This was the machine from which the Spitfire Fighters of the last war were developed.

JENNIFER WILLIAMS, 3B.

THE JACKDAW

Last year, when I arrived home from School one day, I heard a funny noise. I thought it was a rook at first, and then I realised that it was a jackdaw. I thought to myself, "Where on earth is the noise coming from?" Then I noticed a wooden box with wire netting over it standing near the coal-house. Very excitedly I opened the little door in the box. To my surprise out popped a tiny baby jackdaw. I was so thrilled that I didn't notice my neighbour, Alwin Parker, standing by me. I felt a hand touching me, and a cold shiver ran down my back, but, when I saw who it was, I laughed and asked him what he wanted. He said that he had found the baby jackdaw in a field and mother had said that we could keep it. I was so excited that I ran into the house and got some bread and milk. I soon found out that feeding it was not so easy as it seemed. At first it would not eat anything, but I soon found a way to feed it. I got an eye dropper, cleaned it well, and then poured a drop of milk into it. While my brother or sister held its beak open, I put little drops of milk on its tongue and it swallowed them.

As the days went by, the jackdaw got stronger and stronger. I called it Jacky. At the week-ends I would teach it to get worms for itself and also to fly. Every night when I arrived home from school he would fly on to my shoulder and sometimes he would hop on to my head. If I couldn't find any of my jewellery, I would only have to look in Jacky's box under the straw, and I would find it. It wasn't any use teasing him with regard to his food, because, if you did, he would peck your finger or nose.

One day, when I came out of school, about three months after I had had Jacky given to me, I arrived home to find no Jackdaw. He didn't even come when I called "Jacky." "What can have happened to him?" I thought sadly. Then I heard a weak "Caw" coming from the coal-house. I opened the door and found Jacky nearly dead. I tried to give him a little drop of milk, but he couldn't open his beak. About a quarter of an hour later he was dead. I buried him in our back garden and put a little cross there. I have tried to rear baby birds before, but they have all died like the jackdaw.

EILEEN HUNTER, 3B.

POTTERY COLOURS

One day my father showed me over the chemical works where he is employed, where, among other things, colours are made for the pottery industry. This is a long and involved process, but I was shown the separate stages.

The colours are made from oxides, e.g. cobalt, nickel, chrome, iron, copper, manganese, vanadium, etc. Other materials include silica and alumina. The materials are carefully weighed and blended. The raw materials can be wet or dry mixed. If they are wet mixed, they are mixed on cylinders. Mixing machines, worked by turning a paddle, are used for dry mixing.

Next the colour is fired in saggars or crucibles in kilns. The kilns are heated by coal, gas, or oil. The colour is fired up to a temperature of 1400° centigrade. The firing is carefully controlled by a pyrometer.

The colour has to go through a crusher, as it is hard, before being finely ground on cylinders. The cylinders are made of steel lined with porcelain bricks; they contain pebbles which grind the colour.

After being ground the colour is carefully sieved and then treated to remove all traces of magnetic iron. Next it is carefully washed in baths containing hot water, to remove all soluble salts. The colours are dried on trays in steam driers

before finally being put through sifting machines.

Now the colour is almost finished, but for the testing. All colours, before leaving the factory, are expertly tested. They are then stored in warehouses and are later despatched for orders from local factories. The colour is often sent to potteries in far corners of the world.

SUSAN FOSTER, 3A.

KENT'S CAVERNS

While on holiday in Paignton, Devon, we visited Kent's Caverns, which are underground caves. The thing of interest about them is the stalactites and stalagmites. A stalactite is formed by water penetrating through the earth and passing through limestone. It is attached to the roof of a cavern. A stalagmite is formed from water dropping from the stalactite to the ground. The Caverns have been left entirely in their natural state except to have artificial lighting installed. Our guide took about twenty people round the caves pointing out the different things of interest. After going down a gradual slope, we were shown a stalactite which formed the shape of a pair of false teeth. Further on, in the side of the cave, was a monk sitting in front of an organ. It was perfect in almost every detail and was enhanced by the coloured lights behind it. We were then shown an impression in the roof of the cave where the bones of some animal had been taken out. After that we came to the wishing stone. The guide told us that, if we rubbed the stone and made a wish, it would come true. As it was pouring with rain at the time, most of us wished for fine weather.

The guide told us that in olden times, if people wanted to visit the Caverns, they were given a candle and sent in by themselves. If they had not come out on the following day, a search party was sent to look for them.

At last we came out of the Caverns into a small shop selling souvenirs, where there was a case containing some of the bones that had been found. But most of the bones are in a London museum. Then we went outside, and it was still raining.

CHRISTINE BOSTOCK, 3A.

THE SPIDER.

For his size, the ordinary spider is the strongest living creature in the world. The claws of a lion are relatively less strong than the pairs of nippers at each end of the

spider's eight legs. The nippers have such immense power that the spider can hold an insect much larger than himself.

Scientists say that, if a spider were as big as a human being, he would eat in one day the equivalent of a small alligator, a lamb, a young leopard, and a whole roasted ox. A spider can fall from the ceiling and drop with a thud on to a stone floor, and still go away as if he had fallen only a few feet. A drop like that would to us be like jumping from the top of a very high building, such as Nelson's column.

Although I do not like the large spiders very much, I think that they are very remarkable creatures.

MARGARET PLANT, 3A.

CHEADLE

Cheadle is an ancient town which was entered into the Domesday Book as "Celle." Henry III. granted to "Celle" the privilege of holding a fair and a market. By the time of Elizabeth I. the town had one hundred and ninety-five houses, one of which still stands in the High Street, opposite to the P.M.T. Office. It is a fine example of the black and white architecture of that period. It used to belong to Mr. Slaney, a Saddler and Harness Maker. By the 17th century the town had assumed an importance as the centre of a small mixed farming community. It now has a population of just over 8,000.

The New Church at Cheadle was built in 1837-8 in Perpendicular style. The communion rails of the Old Church are now preserved at Harewood Hall.

The Catholic Church was built by the Earl of Shrewsbury and people come from all over the Midlands to see the paintings and stained glass windows. In 1957 a service was relayed from this Church on the television.

Just outside Cheadle is a famous tree called High Shut tree. It stands out as a landmark. A person was once hanged there, and there are a few legends about it. One is that, if you walk around the trunk nine times, you hear bells calling you to the next world. Another legend is that, after walking around the tree three times, and looking back, you see a woman carrying her head under her arm.

The Market Cross in Cheadle was erected in the 17th century, and below stand the stocks. If a man was found drunk on a Sunday he was fastened there by his ankles. At the top of The Birches there used to be a public house which had a cock-fighting pit.

I am proud to live in such an interesting town.

JOAN MOSS, 3A.

"To be or not to be"



THE CASTLE

It stands alone upon the moor,
 With rounded turrets and oaken door,
 What memories those walls could tell,
 Of days long past, and what befell ;
 Of Norman knights and ladies fair,
 Feasts in the hall which now stands bare ;
 Of gallant deeds and victories won,
 The harp's sweet notes when day was done !
 But now those rooms are cold and bare,
 No royal monarch visits there,
 And in the moon's pale fitful gleam
 Ghosts of the past flit by unseen.

JOSEPHINE HEATH, 4B.

THE INSTRUMENTAL COURSE AT STAFFORD

On the first two days of the summer holidays, Catherine Goodall and I went to Rising Brook School in Stafford on an Instrumental Course, to form a 2nd Orchestra.

On arriving there at about 9-30 a.m., we were shown to the cloakroom. We were among the first to arrive. Very soon, as more people had come, we were taken to the dining room, where a cup of tea and a biscuit were waiting for us. Ten o'clock came, and we were ushered into the big hall, where chairs and stands had been set out ready for us. Having found our places, we all took out our instruments to be tuned. These included violins, 'cellos, double bass', violas, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, kettle drums, so you can imagine the noise we made !

The Conductor, Miss Smith, took her place in front of us and tapped her stand. Gradually the noise faded away. She said a few words to us about discipline, etc. Miss Smith also asked how many of us had ever played in an Orchestra before ; very few put up their hands.

We already had the music. We played "Minuet and Trio" from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," Handel's "Silent Worship" and another piece of his called "Ptolemy." There was a piece by Mozart as well.

After the first hour we were divided into groups and went away with a teacher to practise the music. We had a break of fifteen minutes and then went back to the hall for more playing. We practised in our form rooms again, and then went back to the Hall. We did this several times until lunch

was ready to be served in the dining room at 1-30 p.m.

We had a lovely lunch. Afterwards, having a little spare time, we explored the school. It is very modern and nicely planned. Before we could complete our exploration, a bell went, so we hurried back to the Hall. We practised in the full Orchestra half the afternoon and the rest in our form rooms. The afternoon went very quickly, and before we knew it tea was ready to be served.

At our table were three girls with whom we became friendly ; two played the flute and the other the violin, as we did. After tea we spent the rest of the evening practising in the full Orchestra. 6-30 p.m. came all too soon — it was time to catch our bus home.

Saturday came, and at 7-30 a.m. we were on our way to the bus stop. Very much the same happened on Saturday, except that a few minutes before dinner we practised removing ourselves and our instruments from the Hall ; this was for the Concert at night. In the afternoon the First Orchestra practised for the Concert. After tea we took our places ; parents and friends filled the Hall.

We were a great success, as were the First Orchestra. They played the whole of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." At the end of the Concert Catherine and I both agreed that this had been an unforgettable experience, which we hope to repeat at some future date.

VALERIE JONES, 3A.

SCROBY SANDS

To holiday-makers looking out across the North Sea from Great Yarmouth, the Scroby Sands are just a line of golden sands rising out of the sunlit sea. There is no growth of any kind, and the only inhabitants are the seals and birds. Lying due east of Yarmouth, they act as a natural breakwater against the rough North Sea, the nearest point being two miles away from the beach.

Many ships have come to grief there, and masts may still be seen sticking out of the water. The lifeboats of Gorleston and Caister have proved invaluable and have between them saved four thousand lives. The most prominent mast is that of the Belgian trawler "Yarmouth" which ran aground in 1951. Many attempts were made to re-float her, but she was given up as a total loss and her remains are now used as a perch by the birds.

Many birds nest on the island, especially terns, laying their eggs in hollows quite close together. The young ones mix

freely and it is doubted whether the parents know their own babies. Their food consists of fish caught in the sea, and sand-eels. The young ones are ringed by naturalists with rings supplied by the British Trust for Ornithology. They bear the address of the British Museum of Natural History and a number.

The seals on the island are also marked. Altogether there are about two hundred and fifty seals and they frequent the north east and south east corners of the sands. An identification disc is attached to the hind flipper of the baby seal while his head is held under a tarpaulin. This is because they are quite savage and have two rows of very sharp teeth. They are nocturnal feeders and live partly on shell-fish. Many times the fishermen have waged war against the seals but, as no one can prove that they eat fish, it is to be hoped they survive as long as possible on the golden shores of the magnificent Scroby Sands.

DOREEN ARCHER, 4B.

FILEY CHRISTIAN HOLIDAY CRUSADE

At the beginning of the year our Bible Class Leader decided that it would be an excellent idea to go on holiday together. After some thought it was decided that we should go to the Christian Holiday Crusade held at Butlin's Holiday Camp, Filey, Yorkshire. The Crusade was to be held between the 6th and 13th of September.

Early on Saturday morning, 6th September, twenty-four young people set out from Cheadle for destination Filey. I was amongst them. We arrived early in the afternoon and were led to our chalets. We were then provided with an excellent full-course meal.

On the Saturday evening we all went to a great welcome meeting in the Sports Stadium. Here all our speakers and entertainers were introduced to us, and also the Butlin's staff was presented before the audience. For the entire week we were to have some of the best speakers in the country to-day. One of the most important speakers on the Crusade team was the Rev. Lindsey Glegg. Although this man is 82 years old, he proved to be one of the best leaders of the week, and he appeared to be very youthful despite his age. Other excellent speakers were the Rev. Ben Peake, the Rev. George Duncan, the Rev. Stephen Olford, and many more. We were very privileged to have with us the Eureka Jubilee Singers; this was a group of coloured singers from Chicago. They both entertained us and led our meetings with their negro spirituals.

Sunday, of course, consisted of the usual morning and evening services, which were very good indeed. At the close of every evening was a special entertainment programme called the "Late Night Extra." On the Sunday evening we did not attend this, but all decided to go for a late night swim. At first we found the water rather cold, but we soon warmed up. Despite our enjoying it, we did not try this venture again.

Every morning for the week at 7-35 a.m. there were prayer meetings, but no one in our party ever managed to get up at such a time. However, we all attended the Bible Readings at 9-15 a.m. These were very short, but extremely interesting. For the rest of the day we had the freedom of the Camp, and we certainly took it. We exhausted practically everything possible in the camp, which included a first-class indoor heated swimming-pool.

In the evenings were long Convention Meetings, which we did not attend except for the last meeting on Friday evening. But we always went to the "Late Night Extra," which was really very good indeed.

The meals during the week were very good and the service was excellent. The Camp had all amenities and one was not lost for want of something to do. There were numerous cafés and restaurants on the camp and we frequented the coffee bars several times a day. It was fascinating to sit in the "Pool Café" as one was able to see the swimmers underwater in the heated swimming-pool above the café. The camp was situated on a lovely beach and was only a stone's throw from the little town of Filey. From the camp we could see Flamborough Head.

All too soon our holiday had ended, and we were on our way home. All had enjoyed themselves immensely and there was a joint resolution to return to the Holiday Crusade at Filey next year.

PAMELA HOLMES, 4A.

NATURE AND MAN

The day dawned crisp and clear, with a faint tinge of sunlight edging the fluffy white clouds. All around, the green, rolling downs were touched with pale glistening rays of sunshine which had escaped from the glaring, yellow sun trapped as yet by the swirling mists. Tiny mauve violets and clusters of dancing daffodils were scattered generously amongst the lush, swaying grass. Several tall trees stood guard over the tranquillity, composedly rebuffing the cheeky puffs of

wind which vainly attempted to ruffle their stern confidence. Through time immemorial the impudent breeze had played the same game, success coming only in the blustery Autumn when the trees were left naked, shivering desolately amid the tearing, searing winds, which were no longer playful breezes, but seemed to have turned to raging lions, anxious for revenge. These downs, then, moulded and fashioned by the same ageless winds with infinite patience and skill, aeons before the creature, Man, invaded the earth, are immortal and unchanging, forever watching Nature caring for her children. Unknown for so long, soon the creature Man will again invade. The peace will be filled with the noise of car engines, shrieking children and barking dogs, the air will be filled with smoke, dense and grey, from the car exhausts, the ground will be littered with sweet papers and milk bottles, all crude reminders of the destruction man will bring to this undiscovered paradise. The beauty will be spoiled, the peace gone forever. This place, where Nature proved bountiful with all her gifts, will become just another beauty spot.

VALERIE McCLURE, 4A.

PRICE LIST IN THE YEAR 1300

What a shock for you if you were offered a chicken for a halfpenny, or a goose for $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. ; eggs, 20 for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ; Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. ; Mutton and Beef, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. ! But what a pleasant surprise for the modern housewife if she were confronted with these prices on her shopping expedition ! Provided, of course, that she still had her present-day housekeeping allowance in her purse.

But, alas, our incomes are proportional to our purchasing power. In the year 1300 a shepherd received a wage of ten shillings per year, while the income of a gentleman varied from £10 to £20 per annum. Although money was scarce you could buy a great deal from it 658 years ago. Real wealth was measured in terms of land, goods and service rather than cash. Trade was direct and local. Each country town had its own weekly market and annual fair, and at these any surplus of goods was exchanged.

There were no permanent retailers, but prices were controlled to a certain extent by a notice in the public market place which stated the day's values. There was no "middleman" in those days, but goods passed directly to those persons whose concern they were — e.g. Wheat, first to the miller, then to the baker.

With widening horizons and the development of the Wool Trade, money became more and more commonly used. Even by 1540 prices had risen by roughly 250%.

Nowadays we have a great deal more money in our purses and we all enjoy the amenities of 658 years of progress — but, we have to pay for it!

PATRICIA TURLAND, 4A.

STAFFORDSHIRE COUNTY SHOW

This year the County Show was held on its permanent showground on the 28th and 29th of May. This is the first year the Show has been held on this beautiful ground. So long have the farmers of Staffordshire wanted their Show to be held in a place convenient to all. As the showground is a permanent one, proper drainage has been made of the land, and roads have been laid. Also many permanent buildings have been built, such as those for serving tea to the members of the N.F.U. and other organizations. The main ring has been well looked after, with grass cut and rolled ready for the parades, showing, and other competitions. The showground has been very well planned, enabling spectators to see the main ring clearly from any point. At so many shows it is almost impossible to see what is happening in the ring unless one is on the rails surrounding it.

During the whole of the two days the Staffordshire County Show was staged there was a very good attendance, this being partly due to the fact that the weather was reasonably good and that the Show was held at a place convenient to get to. In the ring there was some item of interest nearly all the time. It was a pleasure to have such events as the Household Cavalry Musical Ride and the Parades of the North Staffs. and South Staffs. Foxhounds and the North Staffordshire Moorland Beagles. There was a Grand Parade of farm machinery and of farm animals as usual, plus the familiar horse jumping competitions, with such names as Alan Oliver amongst the riders. Outside the ring were the many stands of farm implements, fertilizers, corn, dairy equipment, to mention only a few. There was a section of the showground used for cattle sheds, stables and various cattle breeding association tents. Another section was used for parking all the cattle wagons and horse boxes and other vehicles used for transportation of animals. There were also tents devoted to flowers, poultry, goats, pigs, sheep and bees. In fact, there

was plenty to look at in the showground. This has been one of the best County Shows ever held and next year the show-ground will be enlarged.

JULIA MASSEY, 4A.

THE STORY OF CIGARETTES

During the summer holiday we paid a visit to the Newcastle factory of W.D. & H. O. Wills, a huge, square building in the suburbs of the city. We were first ushered into a waiting-room. There, in glass cases, were specimens of different tobacco leaves, cured by different methods, and also many strange pipes which were used long ago by the primitive natives of foreign lands, often in religious rituals.

Presently some guides arrived, and, starting off at two-minute intervals, each took a party of six or seven visitors. We were first told how the dry tobacco leaves are imported, packed in large round casks known as hogsheads. Each contains nine-hundred pounds of tobacco. When the hogsheads come out of the Bonded Warehouse, £2,700 Excise duty is paid on each one.

The hogsheads are taken into the Factory Hogshhead Room, where they are opened, examined, and weighed. Then the tobacco passes into the Leaf Room, where different grades of tobacco are prepared for blending. Because the leaf is very dry and brittle, it passes through a large rotating vacuum chamber, where it is sprayed, so that it emerges moist and supple.

The leaf then passes into the Stemming Room, where the stems are removed, either by quick, deft girls seated at benches, or by modern machines. The stems are not wasted, but are used to make snuff. The stemmed leaf is moistened again, then it is ready for manufacture.

Next, the leaf goes to the Cutting Room. It is fed into the back of one of many machines, where it is pressed into a solid cake and pushed slowly to the front of the machine. There it is shredded by rapidly rotating blades. To maintain their sharpness the blades are ground on every revolution, so that they frequently need replacement. Once more the tobacco, now finely shredded, is moistened, this time in a heated cylinder. Then it passes through cooling and drying machines in which the tobacco dust is drawn off by suction. After this the tobacco is conveyed on trolleys to the Tobacco Stores, where it is left for about two days, when it is in perfect condition for cigarette-making.

When it is ready, the tobacco goes to the Cigarette Making Machine Room. It is fed into the back of each machine, which itself regulates the flow, then travels down a chute to pass on to a continuous ribbon of cigarette paper, which has been printed with the name of the brand on the way. The paper is automatically gummed and folded over by the machine, then sealed by an electric heating device. This forms an endless cigarette, which is chopped into the correct lengths by a revolving knife. The cigarettes are each weighed and examined, and rejects go back to be stripped so that the tobacco may be used over again. The good cigarettes go to the Packing Room, where they are mechanically packed into packets and cardboard boxes. The machines immediately indicate if a short or faulty package is present. Then the cigarettes are piled up, waiting to be transported to the shops. This factory alone is capable of producing more than twelve million cigarettes every day.

JOAN MACKIE, 4A.

CALDY ISLAND

A short distance from the south coast of Wales is a tiny island owned and farmed by monks. This island, which is called Caldy island, is dominated by the monastery which stands on a high hill in the centre. In the shadow of the monastery stand the houses of the few laymen who are the only other residents of the island. Close by are the flower gardens, whose beautiful bright colours make a striking contrast to the sombre grey walls. There are lavender beds, and also lily ponds where goldfish swim.

There is also the shop where souvenirs can be bought, colourful jars filled with pot-pourri, lavender, dried culinary herbs, and articles of brass and iron, all being the work of the monks. Near by stands the mill, where the monks can be seen grinding their wheat into flour, and sheds where they keep their poultry. It is a strange sight to see the monks all in their habits with the cowls pushed back from their shaven heads as they go about their different duties. Further afield the monks can be seen driving the tractors, which are the only means of transport, along the rough tracks.

On the West side of the island, by steep rocky cliffs, stands the lighthouse, which looks out on to the Atlantic ocean. The almost total absence of motor transport imparts a strange peaceful silence which is only broken by the tolling of the monastery bell for prayer, when all the monks leave their

work and hurry up the winding path to the monastery.

GILLIAN BARTRAM, 5B.

LAVENHAM, SUFFOLK

I don't expect anyone has ever heard of the place except myself. A country town, once an important centre for the cloth trade, it is now a quiet town, a haunt of artists, disturbed only by the passing of heavy lorries and coaches filled with tourists. Built in Tudor times, many of the old "beam and plaster" houses are still standing and lived in. I myself stay each year in an old plaster house, where the upstairs bedrooms protrude about fifteen inches over the side of the kitchen below.

Wherever one goes, one walks in an old town with an old tradition. Modern teenagers in jeans and sweaters, and the local cinema, seem out of place. Long dresses, large bonnets and horse-drawn carriages would seem correct.

Perhaps more impressive than the old houses is the Church. Standing on a slight rise in the ground, it can be seen from all parts of the town. In perpendicular style, it has many beautiful stained-glass windows. "The Last Supper" and "Christ on the Cross at Calvary" are only two of the many examples of exquisite workmanship found there. Recently, however, several wooden parts had to be replaced because American servicemen, "visiting" us in the last war "just had to have a piece of dear old England to show Mom and Pop back home in the States!" But, with expert skill, these pieces have been replaced.

While I was at Lavenham in Spring this year, a troupe of Morris Dancers called to dance in the Market Place. In their colourful costumes they had an ideal setting for their performance.

I could talk for hours about the surroundings and people of Lavenham, but I expect it would bore you. For me Lavenham is my home for two, maybe three weeks, in each year.

HELEN LACY, 5B.

A RUNABOUT TICKET

This summer my friend and I decided to have a Holiday Runabout Ticket on the railways. With it we could travel all over N. Wales, from Betws-y-Coed, where my friend lives, to Pwllheli in the south, and up to Anglesey and Holyhead in the north.

We decided to begin our holiday by travelling up to Holyhead, which we knew the Queen would be visiting. As we arrived there, we joined a crowd of excited people awaiting her arrival. As the car drove by we could see her very clearly.

After dinner we decided to make our way to the harbour, where we intended to take a trip on a small boat in order to see the "Britannia" at close quarters, but, just as we were about to board, someone shouted, "The children are coming ashore," and Prince Charles and Princess Anne stepped ashore. It was not expected that the Prince of Wales would be seen, so the newspaper camera men were with the Queen. However, a reporter from one paper who was on the scene asked my friend if he might borrow her camera, with which he took two good photographs. He told us these would probably be in his paper the next day, but they were not. A few weeks later the photographs were returned together with £5.

Next day, after going to Church in the morning, we went to Deganwy Lido, where we swam in the pouring rain. Monday brought rain again, but regardless of it, we went to Pwllheli after breaking our journey at Conway, where we visited the castle and saw the repair work being carried out on the bridge. We visited the Isle of Man on Tuesday by travelling to Llandudno by train and then crossing by the St. Sieriol. There the sun was shining and warm, and with our four hours ashore we managed to see a lot of the island. On the return journey the sea was choppy and over half of the passengers were seasick, but my friend and I managed to keep well after dosing ourselves with Kwells. On Wednesday we saw Caernarvon Castle in the morning, and in the afternoon we travelled to Portmadoc and Blaenau Ffestiniog, where we were caught in a mountain mist. We went swimming and saw a water fantasy at Rhyl on Thursday, and after the show we waited for the autographs of Tarzan and some other stars. They talked to us for quite a long time and told us how they learnt to swim and dive. Friday was the last day of our ticket, so we went to Llandudno by train in the morning, and in the afternoon caught the St. Sieriol again to go to the Menai Bridge and Anglesey.

After missing many trains and seeing many things, my friend and I were very pleased with our tickets, and, to prove we had had this holiday, we both arrived home with a pile of time-tables.

THE EMERALD ISLE

Ireland is well named the Emerald Isle, not that the grass is so very much greener than it is in England, but that there is so much of it. There are stretches of wild open road where you meet nothing but the placid donkey pulling his load of peat, and miles of green countryside. It is full of curiosities such as are never seen in England. The most famous of these is the Giant's Causeway in Antrim, Northern Ireland.

This is known as the "Eighth Wonder of the World," and Finn Mac Cool is its legendary builder. The rock formations take the form of an organ, harp, honeycomb and giant's amphitheatre. The legend goes that Finn Mac Cool once quarrelled with another giant at the Causeway and they became angry with each other. He picked up a handful of earth and threw it at the other giant, missed his aim, and it fell into the sea, forming the Isle of Man, and the hollow formed Lough Neagh. It may be mere coincidence, but they are roughly the same size.

Quite near the Giant's Causeway is the famous rope bridge of Carrick a Rede. It is a remarkable structure. Carrick a Rede is a tiny island just off the coast, and the bridge across is about twenty feet long. All it consists of is planks laid on ropes, tied together and hung on rocks on either side. It swings perilously about fifty feet above the deep blue sea, with jagged, wicked looking rocks below. It is a very frightening sensation to cross it.

In the heart of the Wicklow Mountains, near Dublin, is the village of Glendalough. This is one of the most interesting of Ireland's historic places and contains relics of the monastic city founded by St. Kevin. There is St. Kevin's Cross, and kitchen, which looks like a tiny chapel, the Round Tower, and, in ruins, the famous seven churches of Glendalough.

Near Cork is Blarney Castle, with its well-known Stone. I will not say just how the ceremony of kissing the stone takes place, but it is very unusual, and, contrary to many people's beliefs, the stone is in the battlements. Your photograph is taken as you kiss the stone, and then you stand on the Wishing Steps, wish your wish, and have your photograph taken again.

In towns such as Killarney, Kenmare or Glengariff, the main transport is the Jaunting Car. This is a horse and trap which takes you on a very slow and bumpy ride, but it is great fun and very popular.

Donkeys and horses are used instead of tractors for all types of work. The main industry is digging for peat, which, when dried, is put in great piles, literally in the middle of the road, for the donkey carts to be loaded. Stray donkeys wander over the roads, particularly in Connemara. They are very friendly — sometimes *too* friendly.

Gaelic is the universal language in Eire, and believe me, it is very difficult to understand. Street names are the worst because you never know where you are. This all makes Ireland seem like a foreign country, which it almost is, because it is so different from England.

LESLEY O'DAIR, 5A.

CONKERS

Conkers are large, shiny, brown nuts that grow on tall trees. That is to inform any person who is fortunate enough not to know. One would have thought that they would have been able to lead a quiet, if somewhat lethargic, existence on their trees. But no, that, unfortunately, is not the case. The first warning one has is that one finds oneself pinned to the ground by the neck, while one's legs flap harmlessly in the breeze, and a group of shuffling boys tries to remove a forked stick from behind one's ears, the prongs of which are, rather unfortunately, firmly embedded in the ground. They have been knocking conkers off the trees.

The second warning is received when one's brother walks around the house with curiously bulging pockets. He finally produces a handful of conkers from one of them and proceeds to make holes through them with a metal skewer and a hammer. If, unfortunately, the skewer happens to pass through one's foot, why should he care? One can only dash around in small circles tearing one's hair with one foot fastened to the floor.

After this, one no longer heeds "warnings." One is beyond any influence they may have, and what happens is taken as a matter of course.

On the bus, coming to school the next morning, one settles down to catch up with last month's prep., and gradually becomes oblivious of any happenings in the vicinity. Suddenly, one's head is neatly dented, and through the whirling stars one becomes conscious of an intermittent crack - thump - ow ! behind one. This, one realises, is the beginning of the conker season. Then the string of a conker winds gracefully round one's neck. It is immediately pulled tight by the small boy

at the other end of it, and one is carried off the 'bus, gurgling faintly. As the awful truth slowly penetrates through the battered skull to the dazed brain, the realization dawns that this will probably continue until Christmas, and one rushes home, dives under the bookcase, and settles down comfortably with the mice—which satisfy themselves with peanuts and one's toes. Conkers? Give me mice — every time. One can hit mice with slippers. Conkers, attached to squirming urchins, are more elusive.

ANN JAMES, 5A.

A CAMPING HOLIDAY IN EAST-ANGLIA

In spite of the fact that we had been expecting cold, wet, "typical" camp weather, August 8th dawned cold (as was to be expected at 5 a.m.), but dry. However, by the time my rucsac, camp bed and other paraphernalia were safely aboard the Derby diesel train (already overcrowded) I felt as though I were living in Equatorial latitudes. I had just cooled down (after a six hours' journey) when we reached Wolferton—the place of which I had been dreaming for nearly eight months—and had to push our rucsacs up to the camp site on station trolleys. (It is a fallacy that Norfolk is flat!). Although our site was supposed to be a cricket pitch, it bore no resemblance to any but the most "village-like" of "village pitches." We were in pleasant surroundings, among the pine woods of the Royal Estate, heather-clad hills, and bracken.

Quite often we went to Heacham, a little sea-side resort, where some of us spent an afternoon unsuccessfully searching for the church. One of the most memorable moments of Camp was on Heacham beach : after cooking tea on the beach from driftwood which we procured, we sang round a camp fire, whilst the red-gold sun sank slowly below the horizon, illuminating the placid sea with its fiery splendour. Nor shall I forget the cocoa which the Guiders brought to us in bed that night. One day the more energetic amongst us walked along the beach to Hunstanton—buses, in the coastal regions of East Anglia, are non-existent.

One of the times when I most wished I could see a bus was when we walked, in the pouring rain, the five miles to Sandringham. However, although the sole wet day did happen to be that of our Sandringham outing, we enjoyed walking

round the grounds, gardens, and conservatories almost as much as if it had been as sunny as the other days were. No weather could mar the beauty of the church—this tiny church, with its plaques to former sovereigns, Royal pews, crystal cross, gem-studded sanctuary Bible, and, too beautiful even to attempt to describe—the solid silver Altar, carved with the Royal Arms.

Sleeping out at night, we found it a moving experience (in more ways than one for me, as I wriggled all night, with the result that my waterproof cover fell off and my blankets were damp) to lie and see the Plough over the three pine trees and the Spider's Web. Each time I woke it had moved further Eastwards, until finally it was nearly over the Sandringham road. Fortunately, there was no rain, except on the night when I insisted (in spite of the protests of my four tent-mates) on having the brailing along the part of the tent where I was sleeping, rolled up. At dead of night I found myself crawling along my camp bed (which squeaked in agony all the time) to unfasten the already-stiff brailing loops before the rain came in.

Quite often we would go down to the village of Wolferton, where the Queen's racehorse, Auriel, was kept in a paddock. Every afternoon at half-past three this was taken to a stable on the opposite side of the road; once we were fortunate enough to be there when Auriel was crossing the road, and his leader held him in the middle of the road while some Guides took photographs. An interesting part of the village is the spot where the Sandringham village and church roads meet; here there is a beautifully carved village sign showing Firian plunging his sword hand into a wolf's mouth and binding it with a strong, silken cord to prevent it from terrorising the village. (This is the village legend).

On the day when we visited Norwich, the Rector's cock crowed half-an-hour too soon, and my friends were not too pleased when I woke them up at an unearthly hour to get themselves ready for the journey. The places which we visited at Norwich I found interesting, but a few hours are not enough to allow one to explore fully a city so full of interesting places. We spent over an hour-and-a-half in the Cathedral—for much of this time we were groping up spiral staircases, bumping into cobwebs, and edging our way along a narrow ledge on the triforium with only an iron rail between ourselves and eternity. It is at such times that one wonders whether or not it would have been better to be less inquisitive and remain on the ground floor.

When we accidentally unfastened a door and found ourselves standing on a roof, it was with a sense of shock that we breathed fresh air (a pleasant change after dark, dark passages) and saw a panoramic view of Norwich. In various small rooms we even saw an aerial view of the organ, beautiful old pictures covered with dust-sheets and dust, and a chest containing plans showing how the cathedral had been renovated at the beginning of this century. When we finally regained the nave, we were rather disappointed at having so little time left for exploring the rest of the building.

After having dinner in the castle gardens—much to the amusement of a policeman, who seemed surprised to see a party of Girl Guides there—we went into the castle, with its modern façade and crumbling interior walls. At first we wondered why the interior and exterior walls were so different, until we were told that the building had, comparatively recently, been refaced. Nothing could compare with some exquisite fragments of Victorian bobbin lace kept in perpetually darkened cases to preserve them—they were really beautiful; other interesting features were tableaux showing how Norfolk people lived in past centuries (including Nelson standing by a fireplace). Discovering that we had about ten minutes in which to reach Thorpe Station, we sorrowfully left all the unexplored rooms and the friendly attendant, arriving at the station with a few minutes to spare.

Another impression of Norfolk is of the village churches—whatever their size or state of repair, they all seemed to have rood screens, huge font covers, and many pictures. My impression of Norfolk people is their inaptitude for calculating distances—we were told Dersingham church was “two miles’ walk”, when in reality it was only about a mile, and that a Post Office was “just over the road” when it was up another street.

On Monday came the saddest, and messiest, part of camp—clearing up and taking all the bundles down to the station—we even found ourselves running to the station to put microscopic pieces of litter in the litter bin. Soon we were on the trains again. At Nottingham Midland station we had a typical welcome, namely cold, wet weather! This rain lasted all day, too—as if to compensate for the glorious sunshine we had enjoyed in Norfolk.

Having safely accomplished five changes of trains, we arrived on Uttoxeter Station one hour early, and had to wait

in the waiting room until our parents came in their cars for us. That night it was indeed pleasant to lie on a spring-interior mattress, surrounded with comfort, knowing that the crowing of the Wolferton Rector's cock could not possibly wake me up at 5 a.m.

GRACE PLANT, 5A.

OLD JOHN

As my friend goes to and from school, she sees "Old John," who is a danger-spot guardian. He wears a white coat and carries a "Children Crossing" board.

While he waits for "customers" he puffs away at his pipe. When they come running up, his chubby, red face lights up with pleasure. They call him John, although he is old enough to be their grandfather.

Some put their hands in his as they cross the road. "That's what gets me about this job," he often tells her. "Their soft, little hands in my horny, old paw somehow gets me thrilling right deep down inside."

Then he gives her a wink and says: "I don't do so badly out of this job, either. I had a birthday not long ago, and one nipper gave me a little parcel and stood looking up at me eagerly while I opened it. Box of matches to light my pipe with, it was, and on the box it said 'With Love'."

John then pauses, and adds, his eyes twinkling, "They were safety matches!"

He tells this little story very often, but as it is so cheerful no one ever tires of it.

EDNA FALLOWS, 5A.

FORTUNE

MICKEY, Rooney, and Carlton Hayes
Parted, and each took separate ways.
These three brothers, orphans now,
Had even sold their old red cow,
Had shared the money, got up pluck,
And each decided to try his luck
In the big wide world, to see if they
Could make their fortune on the way.

Mickey went to Tennessee,
 He a hunter bold would be.
 He took his rifle and powder horn,
 His bullet pouch, and, all forlorn,
 Built a cabin and settled there,
 Then soon he'd gotten a girl so fair.
 Not much money or wealth had he,
 But both were happy as any can be.

Rooney went to Texas great,
 Thought he'd have a big estate :
 A ranch for him, then settle back,
 And let the servants clean his tack.
 But this vain dream was little use—
 He found himself a wild cayuse,
 And took to herding cows with joy,
 And married, and had a baby boy.

Carlton wanted to search for gold—
 In California, so he'd been told,
 The gold just grew from out of the ground,
 It was there, just waiting to be found.
 But Carlton married and said, "Oh heck !
 Of gold there isn't the tiniest speck.
 Forget the money and settle down,
 A family's worth a golden crown."

So the three of them found happiness,
 Not wealth, but poverty, did they bless.
 Each was glad he was not rich,
 For he had the inward happiness, which
 Is better far than silver or gold—
 The happiness, which they'd been told,
 Lay in the love of simple things,
 Which is better by far than diamond rings.

CAREN EATON, 5A.

SCHOOL AND PRIZES

No, I am not going to talk about ordinary schools attended by boys and girls, but of a school where there is only one pupil, a horse. Yes, some horses do go to school ; my own does, and I am the teacher ! My pony, Roxy II, is not a model pupil, far from it. I am sure she delights in trying to throw me ; luckily she has not done so, but the well-known saying is, "Only the best riders fall."

Roxy is half Arab, which probably accounts for her intelligence and lively spirit. This summer we have been successful in the show season, which is the result of continuous schooling starting early last spring and continuing into the summer and winter, and all through this summer.

Classes are always one hour in length or longer, and usually follow the same routine. For the first quarter of an hour we walk round and round to get supple and to "feel" the bit, which means readiness to respond to the slightest pressure on the rein. Next we start trotting. When one tries to train a horse to trot correctly for a show horse, the idea is to make the pony trot with as long a step as possible, but also as slowly as possible. When this movement is completed, the effect is that of a film being shown in slow motion. It has a very polished appearance and it shows off all the good qualities of a pony. We usually break into a canter on a corner so that we lead off on the correct leg. It is essential that the horse should lead on the correct leg, which is always the leg towards the inside of the circle. The first stage of the canter is very slow, the slower the better ; after a collected canter we extend it, that is a free canter which is slightly faster and in which a longer stride is taken. Next on the schedule is the figure "eight." The pony canters round the shape of the figure "eight," and at every corner the horse must change leg, either by the flying change, or by pulling up into the trot across the centre, but the horse must not trot more than four steps. The final thing is backing. The horse must back four, six or eight steps, never an odd number.

When all these things have been practised to perfection, I take her to a show, where we compete against other fully-trained horses. Many are far better, and naturally win, but that is only correct. But I can hold my own amongst most. We sometimes win a prize, and once I won the best rider award, beating two well-known riders. This season we won several prizes as a reward for our continuous labour.

Now Roxy is resting from a strenuous show season before we go hunting. When we ride on grass during the winter, if it is not too hard or too wet, we keep up our training. Then, later in the winter, we perhaps go hunting for experience with other horses and to release that bit of excess energy. The following spring we start our really serious training again.

HELEN ROBINSON, 5A.

A VISIT TO THE HALLEIN-DURRNBURG SALT MINES

During the summer holidays I went to Austria, travelling through Belgium, Germany and Luxembourg, to Salzburg, where we stayed for eight nights. One day we visited the Salt Mines at Hallein.

We arrived at Hallein and parked the bus, then we joined the queue for the cable-car which would take us up to the Durrnberg, the mountain in which the salt is mined. From the cable-car we had a magnificent view of the village of Hallein as we travelled far above the fir trees, alpine pastures and streams which tumbled down the hillside.

From the cable-car we went to a building where we were arranged in groups of ten, and each group had a number. These numbers were read out over the loud-speaker at intervals, and when we heard ours we went into the building, where we were given a white miner's suit consisting of trousers and jacket, both, incidentally, far too big for us.

We met our guide and entered through an opening in the hillside and proceeded to follow the guide through the tunnel. As we walked, the guide pointed out the salt on the walls of the tunnel. As we walked along we could see the narrow disused tunnels.

After a little way we came to a slide. This is a shaft dropping from forty to eighty feet. The guide went first, his legs astride the two thick poles of wood which extend right down the shaft. They are smoothed and polished by continual use. Six of us seated ourselves behind the guide and then, when we were ready, the guide let go his hold and we slid down the slide, creating a whirlwind sound in the shaft. On the longest slide the speed reaches 80 m.p.h.

When we had descended nine hundred and fifty feet, we came to a little museum in which were various specimens and fossils found in the mines. After going down more slides, we crossed the Austro-German border and came to an underground salt lake, lit up very effectively by coloured lights of the German and Austrian flags alternating all round the lake. We crossed the lake on a kind of floating platform, tasting the water on the way—it certainly was salt !

When we reached the other side of the lake, we boarded and sat astride a trolley which ran on rails and was controlled solely by a brake connected to the front wheels. As the rails

led downhill, the trolley moved by its own momentum, consequently travelling at a great speed through the dark tunnels to daylight until we emerged from the darkness into the sunlight of Germany.

There another tractor-driven train was waiting to take us to the building where we deposited our outsized but comfortable and useful miner's clothes and tipped the guide. We then walked back to the bus after a very interesting and exciting visit to the Hallein-Durrnberg Salt Mines.

JENNIFER TIPPER, L. 6.

THE 1958 BRUSSEL'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

When H.R.H. Princess Margaret visited the International Exhibition in September, memories of a happy visit there in August came flooding back into my mind. Our visit was just one day of seventeen we spent on the Continent in August, for it formed a break in our long journey from Ghent in Belgium to Salzburg in Austria.

After three-quarters of an hour and numerous arguments with policemen and car-park attendants, the driver parked the coach, and after we had all paid thirty Belgian francs, which is the equivalent to four shillings and sixpence in English currency, we were admitted through large turnstile gates to the International World Fair. Before us, as we stood on the steps of the huge entrance hall, lay acres of ground covered by magnificent gardens, with beautiful fountains sparkling in the sunshine and pavilions from every country in the world. In front of us the large aluminium structure known as the l'autonium rose to a considerable height, showing the trends in modern architecture.

There was so much to see in only a few hours that we had to make a quick visit of those pavilions in which we were most interested. We decided that the best way to see as much as possible would be to take a trip on the cable-car railway, and we were pleased to hear through the newspapers that Princess Margaret also experienced the same sensation of swinging high up into the air above the gardens and thousands of people.

In the Canadian Pavilion we sat in a compartment of a Trans-Pacific Railway train and saw a large model which showed very clearly how water is utilised for hydro-electric power in Canada. In the American pavilion we watched

a fashion show and were most surprised when we saw that the colour television cameras were pointed in our direction, whilst, looking upwards, we could see exactly what we looked like in colour on a huge screen.

If we had high hopes of the British Pavilion, we were not disappointed, and we found on speaking to other tourists that the majority shared our opinion that it was one of the most interesting. As we moved from one pavilion to another, we collected various leaflets and were most surprised to read the anti-Western propaganda contained in the leaflets distributed by the pavilions of the U.S.S.R. and Egypt.

As the time for departure neared, we sat outside one of the many cafés in the sunshine and watched the crowds thronging this truly marvellous exhibition. Before leaving the exhibition we visited the large entrance hall, which is a huge dome housing banks of all nations, a shopping centre and many souvenir shops.

As we climbed wearily back into our coach with large handfuls of leaflets to continue our journey towards Austria, we waved good-bye to the friends we had made during our short visit, and now, as we look back at the large collection of photographs, we remember our visit to the International World Fair as a memorable day of a very memorable holiday.

KAY FINNIKIN, U. 6.

A DAY OUT

During last summer I visited the Bibby factories and experimental farms. I went with my father on a trip organised by a local corn merchant. We started from Uttoxeter one early June morning and travelled to Liverpool in a coach. When we arrived at the mill, we were taken to the top floor in a lift, where we had coffee and scones, which were very welcome after our early start.

Before we left the Canteen to go round the mills, one of the partners of the firm, Mr. Bibby, gave us an account of how the firm began. It was started by his great-grandfather, Edward Bibby, in a small mill near Lancaster in 1829. In later years the business was moved to the present site in Liverpool near the docks.

The party was divided ; the men went to the part of the factory which dealt with cattle cake, and the ladies went to the part in which the soap and cooking fats were made. We started at the top floor of the factory and saw the groundnuts poured into the bins. These were crushed and the oily sub-

stance which resulted went through many stages before it became refined. We were allowed to go into the refinery, which was a very hot room. The heat came from machines in which the oil was being heated to a very high temperature to separate it from impurities.

We then proceeded to the soapery. There we saw oil being heated in open vessels holding from ten to a hundred tons. It was heated by steam being blown into it. Some of these we could look in, but with others we had to stand back for fear of being burnt by a splash of the boiling soapy solution. Chemicals are added at this stage. The top layer of this solution is made into soap and the remaining solution is used for glycerine. We saw the soap cooled, cut into shapes, stamped and packed. Then we went into the packing department, where we saw the soap, soap powders and cooking fats being packed to be sent to places in Britain and abroad. Most of the work is done by machinery and only a very little by hand.

We then joined the men in the coaches and proceeded via the Mersey Tunnel in the direction of Chester, stopping a few miles out for lunch. After that we travelled to the first experimental farm at Puddington, which is seven hundred acres in area. Here we were met by the farm manager, who gave us a general outline of the different activities and experiments that were being made with the various crops and stock. We were conducted round some of the buildings, where we saw the cheese being made, and the piggery, where the pigs are fed on the whey.

After an hour we journeyed on to an outlying part of the farm where a large house had been converted into a hatchery. Here we saw some of the five thousand turkey poults which are reared there every year. The farm manager was giving hints on care and general management of them. We proceeded to another farm, where we had tea, after which we were conducted around the farm on which thousands of breeding poultry are kept ; breeding pigs, too, are kept there, and a big herd of dairy cattle. The milk is bottled for retail sale.

After we had had our photos taken as a memento, and had expressed our thanks to our hosts, we climbed on to the coach and proceeded home, stopping at Chester, where we had dinner. We arrived home at ten o'clock after spending a very interesting day.

MARY HALL, U. 6.

THE OLD MILL

During the summer holidays I had the privilege of staying with relatives at a mill house. I had often been to this mill before, but never until this time had I realised that it had such an interesting story to tell.

This old mill is situated at Blythe Bridge, near to Stowe-by-Chartley. The mill itself is of red bricks, while the house adjoining it is black and white. In 1823 it replaced an earlier mill, the present one bearing the Chartley arms, for it was then on the Chartley estate. I was able to find someone who had known the mill since 1900, and he told me its story, saying that the work had probably continued in the same way since it was built. He told me what I am now going to tell you.

Blythe Bridge Mill was built for the grinding of corn. It was worked by a mill wheel which was covered by a wooden shed. The River Blythe ran through the surrounding fields and under this shed from a dam which had flood-gates so that the water could either be turned on or off when corn was being ground. The wheel made the grinding stone turn. This was on the second floor of the three-storeys high mill.

Maize from Argentina came to the English ports, and some of it was taken by rail to the small station at Grindley, which is approximately a mile away from the mill. From this station it went to the mill on a cart, drawn by a horse. From the cart the maize, which was in sacks, was conveyed to the top floor of the mill by means of a pulley, whose chains were fastened around the sacks in order to raise them.

The grain was immediately poured into a wooden hopper, which was a trough with a funnel. It passed between the grinding stones and then fell into sacks, which were fastened with string.

The sacks were carried to the lower floor of the mill, where they were weighed on a machine. Afterwards the grain was sold to farmers in this area and the surrounding areas, to be used as food for pigs.

Some farmers would harvest their own corn and take it privately to the mill to be ground. It was left there for a few days, and when the farmer returned for his finished product he paid the mill owner one shilling for every sack of corn he had ground.

This process had been carried out for many years until, after the first World War, farmers began to buy small grinding mills of their own. This meant that the large mills were no

longer required. Another reason why the large mill ceased to be used was that the craftsmen who used to dress the grinding stones were no longer available.

In 1920 a horse slaughterer came to live at Kingstone, just East of the Blythe, and he ran his own knacker's yard there. Water was required in large quantities for this occupation, and as none was laid on at Kingstone, a lorry, loaded with churns, was driven every day to the mill for water from the Blythe. Twenty-five years ago the mill became vacant.

That is the end of the old man's story. To-day the owner of the mill uses it for storing sacks, which he buys from farmers and sells at a profit to large corn dealers or dealers at the ports. The wheel is no longer used, but still remains in the same place, covered with boards. The small station at Grindley has now closed because there is no use for it.

At one time the people at the mill drank water from the river. A doctor who came to the river for fishing said to them, "Where a trout will live, you can safely drink the water." Even to-day there is no water laid on, and a pump is used for some purposes, while drinking water has to be brought in churns. The mill fishing rights of a mile of river are let for thirty pounds a year.

While I was staying at the mill house I observed the building and the land. The land is inhabited by pigs, poultry, ducks, horses, and even a swan. Hanging up in the living room of the house is a lovely photograph of the mill.

The mill, to-day, is known for the part it has played in the past. Little did I know, until I began to ask questions, that it had been so important. It is likely to last for many more years, but it will still be known as "The Old Mill."

MARGARET WEST, U. 6.

CANNOCK CHASE

Cannock Chase is an area of moorland covering about twenty-five square miles, and lies approximately between Lichfield, the "Black Country," Wellington and "the Potteries." Although very beautiful, it is really a wilderness caused by man's greed.

In 1189 a large tract of land in the centre of the forest was given to the Bishop of Lichfield by Richard 1, who was in need of funds to finance his crusades. Later monarchs confirmed this as "Disafforested and exempt from forest law." During the Reformation this land, forming the waste of the

manors of Cannock and Rugeley, was given by Henry VIII to William Paget, a favourite, for "good and faithful service."

On passing through the Chase one's main impression is of endless rows of beautiful pines with bracken scattered everywhere and luscious wild bilberries, which are especially popular with local children.

During hot summer days you can often see adders and lizards basking in the sun. Also famed on the Chase is that shy, elusive animal, the deer. Many come to see them, but are often disappointed, as they are quick to scent the intruder. The best time to see them is in the winter when there is little cover from the trees.

Long before the Chase was famous for coal, there was a flourishing iron industry, using charcoal for fuel and water power for the bellows and hammers. So much of the great forest was cut down that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. a law was passed to preserve oak to keep the navy afloat. Local names such as Slitting Mill and Furnace Coppice are lasting reminders of this vanished industry.

This area has never been greatly inhabited. It was used by the Norman kings as a hunting ground and was described in the Domesday Book as "*terrae vastae*." Throughout history, however, it has been a place of refuge, as Sherwood Forest was.

Besides local beauty, there are other places of interest such as Darton Pool, which has recently been made into a lido, and is very popular for boating. Then there is Beaudesert, the grounds of which are used for Scout and Guide camps, and Castle Ring, which commands a wonderful view of the surrounding area and is believed to be a Druid haunt because of the facilities for astronomical observation and the abundant mistletoe.

Let us hope that mankind will show its appreciation of this wonderful gift by revering its beauty and treating it with the respect and care which it deserves.

YVONNE LAWRENCE, U. 6.

THE OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting for 1958 was held on October 3rd. Owing to the fact that members had such short notice of the meeting, the attendance was not as good as last year. Nevertheless, it was very encouraging to see so many present.

There is a possibility
that next year we shall have a better attendance

The entertainment of the evening took the form of a talk and display of colour slides by Anne Cartwright, who has recently spent a year at Milwaukee University in the U.S.A. We learned something of the life of the 16,000 students at the University and heard of Anne's experiences in temperatures of minus 20 degrees, contrasting with Christmas dinner eaten under a banana tree in a temperature of 70 degrees.

I hope that next year we shall have a better attendance at the re-union. I feel sure that by giving up one evening a year, visiting School again and chatting with old friends, an enjoyable time can be had.

I should like, through the medium of my report, to pay tribute to Audrey Willisford, our former Secretary, who had served the Society in that capacity since 1953. Audrey is now married and living in Hong Kong and I should like to offer her and her husband, on behalf of the Old Girls' Society, best wishes for their future.

ELSIE HARRIS (*Secretary*)

BIRTHS

- To Mr. and Mrs. A. Astle (Winifred Brown), a daughter, August 8th.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Baker (Dilys Elks), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll (Dorothy Weston), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (Florence Barnes), a daughter, December 31st.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Grainger (Hazel Hobbs), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Haggard (Rosemary Fallows), a son, October 25th.
- To Mr. and Mrs. James (Hilda Hough), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. McGarry (Jean Lovatt), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Morrison (Margaret Lovatt), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Polley (Pat Foster), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Stanier (Kathleen Smith), a son, July 3rd.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. Udall (Wendy Bowring), a daughter, May 4th.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Walker (Sylvia Hoptroff), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. White (Helen Goodall), a son.

MARRIAGES

- Ball—Bracking. On March 22nd, at Cheadle, Alan Ball to Jean Bracking, both of Cheadle.
- Benn—Archer. On August 30th, at Uttoxeter Wesley Methodist Church, Charles B. Benn, of Stithians, near Truro, to Shirley Archer, of Uttoxeter.
- Bettson—Brown. On April 7th, at St. Nicholas' Church, Abbots Bromley, Eric William Bettson, of Admaston, to Beryl Marjorie Brown, of Abbots Bromley.

- Bolton—Beck. On August 9th, at Cheadle, Edward J. Bolton to Joan F. Beck, both of Uttoxeter.
- Burston—Gamble. On September 17th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Arnold Burston, of Whiston, to Ann Gamble, of Alton.
- Byrne—Blakey. On August 23rd, at the Church of Corpus Christi, Piccadilly, London, Michael P. Byrne, of London, to Mora Blakey, of Uttoxeter.
- Charsley—Plant. On August 4th, at Cheadle, Cyril Charsley, of Fenton, to Frances Plant, of Cheadle.
- Finney—Wood. On March 22nd, at Denstone Parish Church, George H. Finney to Margaret R. Wood, both of Denstone.
- Greaves—Gosnall. On September 6th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Eric Greaves to Elizabeth Ann Gosnall, both of Uttoxeter.
- Hall—Willisford. On April 5th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, William Hall, of Middleton, Manchester, to Audrey Willisford, of Uttoxeter.
- Hammond—Shemilt. At Alton Parish Church, John Hammond, of Cheadle, to Margaret Shemilt, of Alton.
- Hawarth—Phillips. On June 7th, at Fulford, Philip Hawarth, of Leek, to Daphne Phillips, of Blythe Bridge.
- Hill—Brown. On July 5th, at Abbots Bromley Parish Church, Richard W. Hill, of Great Haywood, to Monica Brown, of Abbots Bromley.
- Holness—Higginson. On May 24th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Galor W. Holness, of Highgate, to Gwynneth Higginson, of Uttoxeter.
- Howe—Brough. On October 15th, at Trentham, James G. B. Howe, of Trentham, to Rosemary Brough, of Meir.
- James—Beddow. On August 9th, at Checkley Parish Church, Basil James, of Uttoxeter, to Joyce Beddow, of Checkley.
- James—Sims. On March 8th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Cyril James, of Meir, to Marjorie Sims, of Uttoxeter.
- Jenkins—Mellor. On July 19th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, John Jenkins, of Osmaston, to Sylvia Mellor, of Uttoxeter.
- Jones—Hawkins. At Cresswell, George Jones, of Cheadle, to Doreen Hawkins, of Cresswell.
- Jordan—Hardwick. On July 26th, at Draycott-in-the-Clay Methodist Chapel, Michael Jordan, of Canterbury, to Marion Hardwick, of Draycott-in-the-Clay.
- Law—Dunn. On February 22nd, at St. Mary's Church, Stafford, Derek Cyril Law, of Stafford, to Margaret Evelyn Eleanor Dunn, of Denstone.
- Lewsey—Danks. On December 24th, at Basildon, Essex, John Lewsey, of Basildon, to Shirley Danks, of Uttoxeter.
- Lumbard—James. On July 5th, at West Mersea Island Church, Essex, Peter R. Lumbard, of Uttoxeter, to Angela James, of West Mersea Island.
- Meachen—Wheat. On October 4th, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Uttoxeter, Frank T. Meachen to Patricia Ann Wheat, of Uttoxeter.
- Parker—Roe. On June 7th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Leslie G. Parker to Mollie Roe, both of Uttoxeter.
- Robinson—Snart. On February 22nd, at Cheadle Registry Office, Eric Robinson, of Derby, to Jeanne Snart, of Uttoxeter.

- Smith—Kirkland. On June 7th, at St. Mary's Church, Stretton, Kelvin David Smith to Jill Kirkland, both of Burton.
- Weston—Harrison. On July 12th, at Alton Parish Church, Graham C. Weston to Marie Harrison, both of Alton.
- Wood—Felton. On May 17th, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Uttoxeter, Charles Brian Wood to Gillian Mary Felton, of Uttoxeter.
- Wood—O'Dair. On March 22nd, at Checkley Parish Church, Cyril J. Wood, of Derby, to Eileen O'Dair, of Tean.
- Wood—Smith. On September 27th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Albert Wood, of Rocester, to Enid Smith, of Uttoxeter.
- Wright—Pearson. On May 24th, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Arthur R. Wright, of Yoxall, to Pamela J. Pearson, of Uttoxeter.

STAFF

- Clark—Astle. On August 9th, at Castle Donington Parish Church, Roland Everett Clark to Eileen Dorothy Astle.

DEATHS

- Beck.—On August 7th, Astrid Beck, aged 86 years.
- Slack.—On September 18th, in Sheffield, Winifred Grace Slack (Cope), aged 44 years.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

- Anderson, Margaret. Stafford Technical College.
- Ball, Grace. Honours Course in English at the University of Liverpool.
- Ball, Eileen. At Rodbaston.
- Beech, Cynthia. Stafford Technical College.
- Bentley, Joan. Teaching at Shirestone Junior School, Yardley, Birmingham.
- Beresford, Jennifer. With Messrs. Bolton, Oakamoor.
- Blackhurst, Anne. After a two years' teachers' training course is doing a further year's supplementary course in Paris.
- Boden, June. Chelsea College of Physical Training.
- Boulton, Shirley. In the office of Messrs. Atkey, Uttoxeter.
- Brassington, Elizabeth. Teaching at Bradley St. Junior School, Uttoxeter.
- Brookes, Jacqueline. At Lady Mabel College of Physical Education, Rotherham.
- Brown, Dorothy. Teaching at Weston Coyney Junior School.
- Brunt, Margaret. Teaching at Weston Coyney Junior School.
- Burrell, Annabelle. B.T.R. Research Laboratory.
- Burton, Barbara. Cadet Nurse, Derby Infirmary.

- Burton, Jessamine. Music Mistress at Shoreditch College of the Garment Trade, a school which will shortly form part of an L.C.C. Comprehensive School.
- Burton, Millicent. After three months at the Police Training Centre, Eccleshall, has passed First in her Junior Examination and Second in her Intermediate Examination.
- Campion, Jill. Junior Individual Championship for Poultry Trussing at the Dairy Show. First out of 41 entrants from the champions of most of the counties in England and Wales.
- Coates, Margaret. With Messrs. Bookland, Stafford.
- Cooper, Noreen. Clerk at Messrs. Bamford, Rocester.
- Corbishley, Jennifer. Cadet Nurse, Derby Infirmary.
- Craxford, Jennifer. Hull Training College.
- Fogerty, Gail. Student Nurse, Dudley Rd. Hospital, Birmingham.
- Ford, Jean. Tamworth Technical College.
- Forrester, Rosemary. Birmingham Training College.
- Forrester, Sheila. Home Advisor and Demonstrator for the Gas Offices, Derby.
- Fowler, Jean (Twigg). Senior Lecturer in History and Librarian, Bristol University.
- Goodwin, Brenda. S.R.N. Manchester Infirmary.
- Green, Dorothy. Teaching at Blythe Bridge Junior School.
- Grindon, Christine. At the Margaret Macmillan Training College, Bradford.
- Grundy, Alice. Clerk with Messrs. Tipper, Uttoxeter.
- Hargreaves, Mary. Integrated Course of Nurse Education at Hammer-smith Hospital.
- Hart, Patricia. Teaching at Meir County Primary School.
- Harvey, Barbara. Clerk with British Railways, Derby.
- Hawkins, Kathleen. Teaching at Westfield Nursery School.
- Healy, Phyllis. Hull Training College.
- Hellaby, Valerie. Geography Mistress at Ashby-de-la-Zouch Grammar School.
- Higginson, Lesley. Lloyds Bank, Uttoxeter.
- Higginson, Patricia. Teaching at Ockendon, near Upminster, Essex.
- Holness, Gwynneth (Higginson). Teaching at Newbury.
- Holmes, Heather. Teaching at Ashbourne County Secondary School.
- Hull, Wendy. Derby Training College.
- Johnson, Kathleen. House Matron at Needwood School.
- Johnson, Kay. Lloyds Bank, Burton.
- Johnson, Noreen. Ripon Training College.
- Jones, Gwenda Pritchard. Has been accepted as an Air Hostess by B.O.A.C.
- Kirkman, Alice. Telephonist at Derby.
- Lawrence, Rosemary. With the Typing School of the English Electric Company, Stafford.

- Mason, Barbara. In the office of the Trent Valley Glass Works, Hatton.
- Meir, Norine. Teaching at Winsford, Cheshire.
- Miller, Janice. Derby Technical College.
- Naylor, Betty. At a Day Nursery in Derby.
- Nixon, Thelma. Technical Assistant to the Design Engineers in the B.T.H. Company, Newcastle.
- Oakes, Dorothy. Teaching at Rocester Secondary Modern School.
- Pearson, Rosemary. Barclay's Bank, High Street, Birmingham.
- Pepper, Joan. Teaching at Rocester Secondary Modern School.
- Phillips, Julia. Stafford Art School.
- Pinnegar, Margaret. Cheltenham Technical College.
- Plant, Evelyn. At the County of Stafford Training College, Nelson Hall.
- Pyatt, Carmine. Stafford Technical College.
- Rayfield, Elise, who has left school, is taking a training in commercial art.
- Ritchie, Ann. Lloyds Bank, Burton.
- Rushton, Ruth. Has been sworn in as a Special Constable.
- Sampson, Jessie. Stafford Technical College.
- Samuel, Patricia. Leek College of Further Education.
- Short, Anne. St. Gabriel's Training College, London.
- Simpson, Shirley. In a Solicitor's Office, Burton.
- Slaney, Eileen. In Longton Library.
- Smith, Molly. Does publicity work for British European Airways.
- Spencer, Christine. Training as a Comptometer Operator.
- Squires, Jean. Has recently spent a holiday in this country. Her home is in California where she is a Telephonist for the Co-ordination of Telephone Repair.
- Stretton, Wendy. Shorthand Typist at Willington Power Station.
- Stringer, Margaret. In the Office of Messrs. Ind Coope, Burton.
- Ward, Anne. Supervisor at Rocester Secondary Modern School Canteen.
- Ward, Rheta. Cadet Nurse, Derby City Hospital.
- Watkiss, Daphne. At the London Hospital.
- Williams, Patricia. Pupil Teaching at Branston. Is going to St. Katharine's College, Liverpool, in January.
- Wilson, Beth (Thorley). Working for the Milk Marketing Board in the Ashbourne District.
- Wood, Eileen (O'Dair). Registered Sick Children's Nurse at Derby Children's Hospital.
- Worsdale, Marian. Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, London.

We acknowledge receipt of magazines from the following :- Alleyne's Grammar School, Uttoxeter ; Brownhills High School ; Girls' High School, Burton ; Technical High School, Burton ; Abbotsholme School,

The following account of her experiences in the U.S.A. was sent in by Anne Cartwright, a former pupil of the School :-

One year, twenty thousand miles—that is how far I travelled last year. This included travel to the U.S.A., where I spent nine months at the University of Wisconsin, which is in the Mid-West 137 miles north of Chicago. In the vacations we made use of opportunities for travel. At Christmas a journey of 4,300 miles to the Deep South, Florida, Smoky Mountains and New Orleans was completed by car in fourteen days. Christmas dinner 1957 was eaten in New Orleans under a banana tree, about 70 degrees or more, in the shade. The summer provided an opportunity to go “out west” to the Colorado Rockies and Denver. From Denver the next stop was Mexico City, a trip which lasted two weeks and proved to be the highlight of the year because of the contrast with Western life as we know it. From Mexico to New York by air, and finally Washington.

This outline really goes to show the futility of trying to write briefly about the United States. It is impossible to make generalisations about so vast a country. The Eastern states are as different from the Mid-West as chalk from cheese, as is also the far West. The South is unique in its tempo of almost sleepy existence. Whereas in the Mid-West there is a uniformity of town and town life, within the East there are many contrasts, none so strong as that of New York and Washington. The former typifies the concept of “American bustle” so prevalent in this country, and the latter an elegance as evidenced by magnificent marble buildings and spaciousness which is so seldom associated with the American way of life. For this reason I shall confine remarks to the Mid-West, where for one year I studied and travelled round the state of Wisconsin giving speeches to Rotary Clubs and staying in Mid-Western homes at week-ends.

Wisconsin, according to the car number plates, is “America’s Dairyland.” The landscape is rolling pastures in the South and wooded coniferous territory in the North, interspersed with Lakes—reminiscent of parts of England, but on a vast scale. The towns are composed of wooded houses, often painted in pastel shades ; mauve for example, which to us appears strange, but in the Mid-West brightens up the residential areas and is considered to be an improvement within reason. The houses reflect the standard of living, which is high. There are usually a refrigerator, central heating, washing machine, one or two T.V. sets, and from one to five cars in each household. The minimum wage in Wisconsin is a dollar an hour, about 7/2d. Typists in Washington make a starting salary equivalent to £1,300. Admittedly costs are higher, but not so high as one might think. Living is costly because items regarded as luxury in this country are considered to be necessities in

the U.S. A good illustration would be the number of cars per household. Life in the Mid-West is inconceivable without either central heating or a refrigerator. Having experienced the extreme climate, this is understandable. During last winter the temperature fell to 20 degrees below freezing point, which is nothing unusual. The ice on the lake was at least eighteen inches thick.

With the cold, it was dry. I well remember receiving shocks from door handles or other metal objects on account of the static electricity generated from simply walking across the carpet in cold weather. School hockey socks were very useful in these cold days.

The University itself was 1,600 students strong. This included a large Graduate school largely composed of students from other parts of the U.S.A., together with foreign students, of which I was one. It was typical of the Mid-West that we were never called foreigners but always "overseas students." There was little selection of students as this was a State University, at the Undergraduate stage. At the undergraduate level standards could not be compared with European Universities, partly because of the large size of classes (which cater for the average) and because the emphasis was very much upon memory work rather than ideas. Every six weeks there would be short examinations based largely upon what was written in the textbook, followed by a final of longer duration. Overseas students often felt these exams to be tiresome and useless. At the end of each course a Grade would be given. After four years the whole lot were recorded, and a degree awarded if a requisite standard had been reached. It must be added that the Graduate School was on the whole on a much higher level, depending on the Department.

But the most intriguing part of University life in Wisconsin was the students' social life. I cannot imagine a beauty contest taking place in all seriousness in a British University. There were several during last year. First of all we had a "Prom Queen." The Prom was the annual formal Dance. There were about ten candidates, each with a publicity manager, who displayed their photographs all over Madison as well as the University. Each candidate was supported by a Fraternity or Sorority (the best explanation of these is a kind of student club, where students live, as in a Hall of residence). In due course the Queen was elected. Some time after this a "Military Ball King" election took place, in a similar manner. Other queens were ejected at various times for various reasons.

There were also student Carnivals and sporting activities. Sporting activities were on a large scale organised on a semi-professional level. By sporting activities, I mean University football (the American type, where

players are padded up to resemble Martians) and basket-ball in the winter, and Athletics, tennis, and baseball in the summer. These were solely for men. There was a conspicuous lack of competitive sports for women. Women tended to go in for less strenuous forms of recreation such as a "creative dance." Most undergraduates would have felt happy in any show chorus line since various forms of dancing were taught at school.

I well remember a visit to a High School where the twelve-year-olds wore lipstick and nail varnish.

Madison, the University town, was the cultural centre of Wisconsin as well as being the State Capital. At the University theatre and Concert Hall there were recitals from artists of the calibre of Elizabeth Schwartzkop, Segovia, El Greco and his Spanish dancers, Il Solisti di Zagreb, and even Joyce Grenfell, who found that American audiences laughed in the same places as did audiences in England. The film societies flourished with Russian classics. It was in Madison that I saw "Henry V" for the first time.

After a few weeks in Wisconsin I got used to the crew cuts, jeans and check shirts of the students. Older people abandoned this form of dress except in leisure time. I was mildly surprised to find that few people chewed gum. It was often considered to be socially unacceptable. There was far more good taste and less of the "brashness" which I half expected as a result of misconceptions I held in this country. I saw more elegant antique and pseudo-antique furniture in the Mid-Western and New England homes than I have yet to see in England.

I have spent a year in the "average" America, reputedly and understandably with isolationist tendencies, the land of Macarthy. Yet the impression most firmly implanted in my mind is the hospitality I received to an extent which proved almost an embarrassment on some occasions. I hope to return there some day, but not to live, for there is but one place for me.

ANNE CARTWRIGHT.